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THE PURITAN AND THE PRODIGAL

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THERE is a tendency in civilization both to dwarf and to exaggerate the place of the senses. These two attitudes may be described as that of the puritan and the prodigal. The puritan limits to excess and the prodigal indulges to excess. One is the miser and one the spendthrift. The prude and the prostitute are alike affronts to mother nature and slurs on human nature. A spiritual healer would diagnose their state as anæmic or apoplectic, but not normal or healthy. The evolved human being finds no virtue in repression and no joy in excess. The puritan's sense of sin and the prodigal's impulse of excess limit alike the evolution of desire and of beauty, love's chosen handmaidens.

James Hinton saw the starvation and the waste of sexual energy in these two manifestations of civilized life. As law-breaker and as law-maker, and even as seer, he wanted to destroy, to reconstruct, and to spiritualize the most primitive of human emotions. He was a man of science and therefore saw the futility of any attempt to abolish prostitution and leave everything else the same. He believed that to open the way to more beautiful expressions of passion in love would inevitably lead to the minimizing of prudery and the elimination of prostitution. As a recent anonymous American writer has said, "passion without purity is impurity, but purity without passion is impotence."

There are people who declare that prostitution will always exist because it has once existed. James Hinton was one of the few people who declared that prostitution must be driven entirely out of modern life as cannibalism has been driven out. If

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it is proved that prostitution is a necessary evil the modern thinker would have it made, at least, into an honorable profession. This profession must be a free choice and not be influenced by economic considerations or by the ostracism of those who refuse to find room in their hearts or homes for those who, they declare, safeguard their virtue. To despise a protector of one's honor or to be too cowardly to take one's share in casting out the slur prostitution is on love, is to own oneself a craven and a traitor about the most important things in life. Hinton faced this bewildering subject with the outlook of a man and something of the insight of a woman, but sometimes also with the arrogance of a child and the ardor of a moral fanatic. He declared that prostitution should be swept immediately from modern life through women realizing the wider outlook. To him passion was the dynamic force making for purity and not for lust. He realized that to minimize or ostracize prostitution some one has to make a gigantic sacrifice. This sacrifice, he felt, would fall on both men and women, though in different ways. He realized that what is a recognized and open need should be faced honestly. It is the sham, the intrigue, and the cruelty which defraud love and shame sense. The "goody goody" people who will persist, out of their attenuated experiences and cowardly attitude toward life as a whole, in imagining that the physical is a hindrance, instead of realizing it as an instrument, are the officers of the devil, according to Hinton, and hinder the advance of the world. No wonder he was more terrified of good people than of bad ones. Apparently good people are not too sure of their goodness, and so often use envy, malice and all deceitfulness as weapons for guarding it. A child of nature, like Hinton, resents a prude or a hypocrite as a normal man resents fleas and mosquitoes. He saw so clearly that the puritan enters what he calls "bondage good" and the prodigal enters "bondage bad," and that restraint and license are both results of incapacity to tune body and soul to one fine harmony. The war of body against soul was to Hinton, as it is becoming to all thinking people, an absurdity. The schoolboy characteristics of lust and gluttony are left behind by those who have grown up in any real sense, but the puritan insists on keep-

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ing them in evidence and the prodigal seeks new fields for their caperings.

Hinton thus foresaw some of the wonders of the inevitable wedding of purity and passion, but he often wasted time and breath in trying to convince and convert the members of the Purity Leagues he had as patients and in glorifying passion as a god in itself. Passion at white heat is purity, but purity divorced from passion and ashamed and afraid of passion is weakness. Purity stands so often outside the human dwelling-house crying plaintively to the inhabitants to come out and worship a messenger from Heaven. No wonder the door is often hastily banged in the face of what could so easily be mistaken for snow and sleet. This is one of the ways the prodigal is made, for youth and life want color and warmth. The puritan, on the other hand, is often manufactured through mistaking nature's warmth and color for hell fire or mere volcanic eruption.

Women in Hinton's lifetime were more nervous than they are now of facing the complex questions of love and desire. Though mystical in her intuitions, Woman is nearer nature, through the maternal force in her, than man. Nature has made her in all ways more passive to receive so that she can maternally give. If this fact is faced we may be nearer a solution of many vexed questions than is apparent at the moment. Physical passion, as desire, is not such an overwhelming hunger in the majority of women as in men, but desire, as a passionate maternal surrender, even toward men, is the heart-hunger in all normal women. Once a woman faces this fact she loses some of the nonsense reasons for shunning desire, an attitude in many women, even as loving wives, which helps to bring the work of the prodigal woman much more into evidence. To ravish is not to enervate and to charm is not to destroy. Woman is traditionalized about her desires, even in her eating and drinking, and man is traditionalized in another way about his. To both her lover and her child, according to Hinton, a woman cries, "Here I am. Take of me!" The response generally is from the man and the child alike, "There you are, let me gobble you up!"

The modern woman is protesting against being gobbled up beyond her own passionate desires, either as legal wife and

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mother or illegal concubine. She is at last realizing the fact that her hunger for giving has induced gluttony in the receiver of her gift, and, moreover, her example as giver and man's example as receiver have made the onlooker either more puritanic or more prodigal. The timid fly to puritanism, the exotic and impetuous to prodigality. The harlot makes the prude and the prude makes the harlot. Advanced men and women are facing this situation.

Every thinker must realize that prostitution has no warrant from love and no hall mark from nature. Woman, as she evolves, realizes that to safeguard one woman at the expense of another is neither mystic nor honorable, and to flaunt petty pruderies or mock moralities in the face of great mother nature is to court nature's punishments and to pay heavier prices than one lifetime can discharge. The problem James Hinton set himself to solve was how to combine personal love needs and universal service needs as well as nature needs into a harmonious whole. The task broke him in soul and body, but in studying his theories others may profit. "I could not bear the pain of the world if I could not see it as good," he cried, and it was his opposition to the current ideas about these matters which brought on him doubt, anguish and division amongst those who tried to follow his theories. The words of Mrs. Browning's beautiful sonnet express him as it expresses many like him.

> "With stammering lips and insufficient sound
> I strive and struggle to deliver right
> The music of my nature day and night
> With dream and thought and feeling interwound,
> And only answering all the senses round
> With octaves of a mystic depth and height
> Which step out grandly to the infinite
> From the dark edges of the sensual ground."

Hinton saw that the need of woman to sacrifice herself is man's opportunity, in the near future, to direct the channel into which this innate feeling shall run. The woman of the future will surely cry to her mate, "I need thee for myself in order that I may comfort and help others," and the man will answer, "I need nothing but thy happiness so that thou canst warm others

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and be thyself through me. For this end all the ravishment that the senses and thy joy and my joy can give to us are right." Hinton saw all this would mean if once men and women would grasp the two sides of this conception, though he seldom co-ordinated the methods he thought would minimize prostitution. He compared our false monogamy, which is really a sly polygamy, a legal wife combined with intrigues, to the high-bred Hindoo's horror of killing even a flea. The Hindoo has a great dislike for fleas as unclean things, but he suffers in his self-respect if he kills a flea, so he simply transfers it to a beggar and thus, he thinks, protects his virtue. According to Hinton the average man keeps his home holy and transfers his vices to Piccadilly or Broadway. The Hindoo hires a beggar to protect his morality in the shape of preserving life, and we tolerate prostitution to protect our morality in the shape of a pure home. We respect the "life" of a form of marriage which we call monogamy to salve our conscience, knowing really that it is the ugliest form of polygamy when it is mixed up with deceit, luxury, cruelty and self-pleasure. Its source or ideal being lost, it makes injury to others a right, as in the case of the Brahmin and the flea. Men's carelessness in this matter and women's callousness are hindering the true emancipation, when men and women will mutually agree to put the prude and the prostitute out of civilized modern life. The temptation which comes, says Hinton, from a "passion of goodness" in performing *outward* acts or in preserving a legal boundary, makes the sham moralist invent a "nonsense reason." The Brahmin refuses to kill the flea or to have it on him so that the form of virtue may survive. What should we say to the Brahmin were we quite unprejudiced about the matter? Should we, asks Hinton, say to him, "Rise to purity, restrain your passion, bear the flea"? No! we should say, "Do not be a fool. Kill the flea and save the beggar both torture and degradation. Why waste your energy and his by bearing flea-bites because an outward morality tells you to do it? If a real purpose is to be served by bearing the bites, bear them. If not, kill the flea as soon as possible." Prostitution was analogous in Hinton's mind to the flea. Men, he considered, are carefully preserving a form of marriage in name but with no idea of in-

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conveniencing themselves and with no idea of restraint, except as with the Brahmin and the flea when no beggar is handy and the flea will bite. Hinton would say to the Brahmin, "Get rid of both flea and beggar and have a wider outlook." Restraint for a mere code of morality and not for true morality is a waste of energy and power. It is an example of a false right instead of what is serviceable, a restraint for the sake of restraint and not for true service and real freedom.

Hinton asks the question, can it be a mere accident that in the two forms of restraint, Eastern and Western, flea and beggar, moralist and prostitute, the restraint has slipped out and the form remains? "Any beauty," he declares, "purchased at another's ill, is ugliness"; and he realized ugliness in both the puritan and the prodigal because he saw them as results of one another. However mistaken some of his theories may be, they are not ignoble, if in them there is a possibility of giving joy and expansion to the puritan and robbing civilization of mock desire in either legal or illegal unions. Hinton knew, as doctor and philosopher, that it will be woman's business to keep the sexual from being sensual, by the same means the true healer keeps disease from arising, instead of spending enormous energy in curing it. This will be done in the moral world, not by increasing the vast army of repressed or abnormal women but by teaching a new view of the senses, wherein woman is the high priestess of sense and not the victim of sensuality. He makes the woman cry to the man: "Do not pervert your life or you *make* this wonderful thing sensual, this, your relation to *me,* you make it sensual and your goodness will forbid you doing good. Do not do it. I am bound if you make yourself a slave. Without your joy I cannot have joy, without your life, I die."

Hinton saw that the prodigal in man spells selfishness and the puritan in woman the same, self-pleasure and self-virtue being the false moving forces. "We see a piston," he says, "and it cannot move because of an enormous machinery connected with it; but compel its motion and for the very same reason all is moved. Woman's giving cannot be because of man's selfishness." Hinton knew that suppressed things rise as ghosts and sensual things are bogies of a past animalism. In evolved beings

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the fire and fervor of the senses are used as instruments and not as tyrants. His plea for a refined polygamy was not a plea for sensuality but for an emergence for man and woman alike. The prude and the rake are counterfeits. Hinton, at any cost to our conventions, pleaded for realities. "A man," he says, "may have fifty horses though other men may starve, but he may not have two wives though women perish." Not that he attached any higher value to a mere form of bigamy than to a form of monogamy, but he protested against sacrificing human needs to any form.

Hinton saw the pitiable waste of human love shut up in walls more terrible than those of convents and he saw the same waste of counterfeit emotion squandered in brothels. He realized how much of the prudery and hot-house absorption in family life is responsible for the laxity and lasciviousness in the houses of prodigals. He tried to make women see that the real criminal is one who is content to receive and maintain her virtue at the hands of prostitutes. If nothing else, a sense of humor should save "virtuous" women from scorning and crushing the very people who, according to their own definition, are their "saviours." There are only two ways of facing this question, as in a true Brahmin's conscience there can only be two about the flea. Either to accept the prostitute as sister and saviour and make her task as bearable as possible, or to widen the gates of love and cleanse its channels, so that each man and each woman may bear their own sexual burden or joy. In other words, kill the flea and save the beggar or bear the flea as a penance for the flesh, if an effete morality about such matters attracts. In the same spirit kill prostitution and save the prostitute or honor the prostitute by bringing her into modern life as a solver of difficulties the wife refuses to meet. "Every devotion to a wider good," says Hinton, "runs a risk of being counted traitor to it."

This plea of his, which makes the puritan and the prodigal face nature needs and service needs, brought down on Hinton's head much abuse from both sides. Only a few isolated individuals have dimly begun to realize that modern love is not mainly sensual but a complexity of spiritualized sexuality and

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varied intellectual and emotional needs. It is almost impossible that two people, this being the case, should be able completely to satisfy every need of each other. It does happen, but it is very rare. The wider and more beautiful the friendships and loves are, in individual lives, the less mania there is in passion and the less loss in those rare relationships which spell affinity. This statement, to the ordinary person, implies laxity and immorality, but if really studied it is the foe to these survivals of the savage and the prude. "Here is the sweetest, noblest, most entrancing thing," cries Hinton, "and it betrays the soul and gives it no chance even to suspect the snare. Man's thought is chiefly as to whether he will be virtuous or enraptured instead of woman's good. By her needs woman has rendered her chief service to man. A different relation of man to woman need not *necessarily* degrade him or her." Hinton saw that what degrades is surely the hurting others that we may enjoy, the degradation of the senses by one set of women in order that another set may live selfishly.

How perverted our ideas are about these matters is proved by a simple test. Ask several hundreds of women this question and make careful notes of the answers. "If it is true that it is necessary for men to have more than one woman, would you rather your husband *loved* another woman or merely used her for his pleasure and her further degradation?" Only once have I had any but one answer to this question, and surely that shows us where we stand as evolved human beings. The answer always is, "I should not mind my husband going to a prostitute half so much as if he loved another woman in any real sense." Can one imagine a more satanic attitude than this? For the sake of vain jealousy, a gluttonous absorption, that a woman should not mind if her husband is degraded in body and soul or that another woman is degraded in the same way, in order that one woman's self-love, self-sufficiency and emotional greediness should be satisfied! Sex union, without love, is a blasting of the life forces instead of a mingling of them. The woman who has this attitude, whether to save herself or win others, is more savage than an animal and more dangerous than the sensual, unevolved man. The law of affinity is as definite as

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the law of gravitation and none of us can break it with impunity. The woman who declares that if a man must love more than one woman then let it be for love and not merely for passion, because all real love educates, strengthens and purifies, and so enriches the man and all he loves, is either not believed or looked upon as a sort of prostitute herself. And yet, in the new era of love, men and women must face the fact that it is only real love that dares to share because it dare not destroy. Lust destroys but love builds up and the evolved woman realizes that to protect her "virtue" in four narrow walls, while the price is paid by women she despises, is to court a punishment the gods alone know how to send. No wonder Hinton declared that the very virtue of the good destroys.

The same anonymous American writer I have already quoted has a poem in his little book which is in this Hintonian spirit of evolved love addressed by a wife to her husband.

"Did you think, dear Love, I could leave you because you were too loving? Because you loved too much or too many?

No, Man of my Breast, I am not so small as that. I am larger than you think me. I am larger than you ever thought a woman could be.

If you love another, love her; love her with all the beauty of your soul, love her until you call out and answer all the beauty of her soul, and I will love her with you.

If she is worthy of you, and not a person who would in any case be repellent to me, then the fact that you love her will draw me to her and not make her seem my enemy.

Mutual love of a thing found lovely should be a road, not a fence, should it not?"

Many will declare, of course, that this attitude is beyond human nature, as the other one is below it; but nevertheless modern life and love are proving that in that attitude is the security of love and the cleansing of desire. It is so in friendship as well as love. What we bind we lose, what we set free remains with us or returns to us.

Hinton challenged the good, especially the good women, to face this matter. He draws a picture of the admirable women whose lives are so splendid and to whom man's love seems so needless. They, like the prostitute, help to destroy womanhood

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by keeping up in man's soul the careless indifference whether he has real love for woman or not. Prudery fills the streets with prostitutes quite as certainly as prodigality. The angry repulsion of the puritan and the leering thought of pleasure of the prodigal make evident the wrong in us within. "Why," cries Hinton, "should there not be a law of equivalence of force in these matters? Here are our human scales in the persons of the puritan and the prostitute, and what an experiment in human relationships it would be to adjust the balance of true morality and true pleasure. How will people persuade girls not to be prostitutes and make them value so highly a bodily purity, while the very women who urge them to it let their souls sink into a defilement of greedy isolation, a whoredom of the soul in which to keep the body pure! It is cause for laughter, seeing one woman swallowing a camel and begging the other not to swallow a gnat."

To sum up this intricate problem of the puritan and the prodigal is to realize that both the puritan and the prodigal alike draw lines nature does not draw, and as nature is simple and sane she wipes them out again and again. The line between wrong and right, according to nature and spirituality, is between that which injures and that which does good. "Prostitution for man, restraint for woman—they are two sides of the same thing, and both are denials of love, like luxury and asceticism. The mountains of restraint must be used to fill up the abysses of luxury."

In Lafcadio Hearn's letters to Hall Chamberlain he makes this statement. "I think that to modern philosophy vice has taken a new and terrible magnitude and virtue an awful beauty." The "awful beauty" Hearn alludes to may be the dawning recognition in puritan and prodigal alike that love and passion are not pastimes or manias, but divine driving forces, for ends out of sight as yet, but clearly legible in the great books of nature and destiny. When the puritan and the prodigal meet in understanding, knowing that the waste in restraint and in excess must be garnered up for enjoying the fruits of joy and loveliness, we shall be nearer common sense and uncommon sensibility than now when, in our terror of vice and boredom of virtue, we are not

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ourselves, but scarecrows or marionettes. Hinton thought the whole new conception of love, a sexual revolution and renaissance in one, was in the hands of women. He was right. All the nonsense reasons against real love and desire must be faced by women. What women, through nature and love, learn, they silently teach to men and to one another. Though the solutions Hinton propounded may not ultimately be accepted, he was right in the main conception that women have the future of love in their hands.

When relationships widen and become purified, when domesticity develops into unlimited usefulness instead of remaining a limitation, and when sexual desire is acknowledged to be a ravishment like music and not a mere intoxication, we may be nearing the day when the puritan and the prodigal will be one as the priestess of love. The way may well be seen which leads to nature's open spaces and art's beautiful palaces. To love utterly is to be a seer, to be truly prodigal is the first prerogative of love, and to be pure in heart is to have cast out all fear in order that the essence we call love may shed its full power in us and from us.

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THE PARADOX OF ART

WALTER M. CABOT

IN spite of the rapidly growing interest and activity in art in this country, considerable confusion as to its nature and uses seems to persist. It is evident that the relation of art to life cannot be beneficial so long as its meaning and purpose is misunderstood.

There are, in particular, two aspects of art whose relation to one another must be clearly realized if we are to judge art properly. It is of these two aspects that I should like to speak very briefly here.

I

Suppose that seated one morning at your window you catch sight of two men fighting. What happens? Before you know it you are out on the street either struggling to separate them, or running for a policeman. That same evening finds you at the theatre. In one of the scenes of the play a combat, seemingly more deadly than that of the morning, occurs, yet you do not stir a muscle. Why this extraordinary change of attitude on your part? In the first place, you will say, "The fight is make believe—it occurs in stage-land, not in the real world. It is mere illusion." But is this the whole story? Suppose that not the stage but the supper table is before you, and upon it a magnificent platter of your favorite fruits. Though your mouth waters, you make no movement to take one of those luscious peaches which you seized so eagerly from your plate in the morning. Why is it? Here there is no illusion. What strange spell now holds you? To answer this question is to state the principle which underlies and controls all art; it is a matter of arrangement, of form, of order. Some tasteful person piled the apples, grapes, figs and oranges on the richly wrought platter in such a manner as to suggest not only other pleasures like those of the palate, but pleasures of another kind. By arranging these varied pleasures so as to enhance one another he has given your interest unity and at the same time variety; he

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has conferred upon it form and significance. Your interest has now become what is inaptly termed "disinterested," not because it has lessened, but because it has a new quality. To indulge exclusively in any one of its elements now would be to destroy the interest itself. It would be to rob it of that unity which makes it a part of your less private, more shareable "real" world. Absorbed by the beauty of the fruit you do not wish to break the spell by eating it. For not suggested taste merely, but taste and smell, shape and color, in their combined effect, constitute your present delight.

It was likewise the skilful arrangement of the incidents of the play which kept you quietly seated while the villain worked his will. Not that you were unmoved by what you saw, but realizing that to catch and contemplate a villain at the same time is impossible, you were induced to "wait and see what would happen next," to reflect rather than to act. It is through such skilful ordering of the elements of effect—the *composition,* in short—that the artist makes active impulse subservient to æsthetic interest.

But the artist takes still further liberties. He plays with the materials by which he expresses his thoughts and feelings no less than with our reactions to them. He transforms the wood of the tree into the likeness of a god. Out of the living rock he carves an Apollo. Plucking some figure from the leaves of history he places it on a stage of his own devising that it may serve as the mouthpiece of his own moods and emotions. Out of storm and ruin he creates splendor: from crime and cruelty he wins stimulating and tragic effects.

Art is thus, it would seem, a kind of dream-world born of the artist's magic juggling in which the matter of daily life may enter only as it will lend itself to æsthetic treatment.

Enough has already been said to enable us to understand how it is that art has sometimes aroused suspicion, and even hostility. For is it not evident that this checking of our normal reactions to things will tend to weaken that healthy habit of full, instinctive response to them which our practical as well as our moral life demands? Will not the attractions of comparatively complete attainment, of a perfection seldom realizable outside of

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art, tend also to make the art lover out of tune with the inevitable incompleteness and chaos of daily life, if not actually rebellious against it? Seems it not likewise inevitable that he who is constantly in search for the completely and immediately satisfying result should more or less lose the faculty, so indispensable to spiritual growth, of postponing a present for a future good? In art the continual search for what will bring immediate happiness tends, as history proves, to make the artist lay undue stress on such satisfaction. As Tennyson says, "The passionate heart of the poet" is often "whirled into folly and vice." And what is true of the creative artist is likewise true of the re-creative art lover.

There would seem to be occasions, in fact, when almost any normal man must feel out of sympathy with art and the æsthetic attitude. Imagine yourself, for instance, leaving some peasant's cottage. Full of pity for the misery you find there, and of plans to relieve it, you open the door to find a man comfortably seated before an easel, palette and brush in hand, absorbed in happy contemplation of the picturesque dilapidation of the moss-grown dwelling. Would it seem more than natural that you should feel disgust for such careless absorption in pleasures side by side with such wretchedness?

It is not strange then that we practical Americans should be inclined to deprecate, if not to despise, a practice which tends to distort facts and events, to disturb our established reactions to them and to lull us into a kind of happy sleep, by a seemingly unreal and somewhat petty form of perfection. And indeed, after all is said, are the pleasant day-dreams and illusions of art so superior to those conferred by the juice of the grape or the poppy seed? May not art be, as some have maintained, a form of illusion, the apparent integrity of which makes it all the more subtly demoralizing?

II

We have so far regarded art somewhat from the outside. Let us see what answer to this question a more searching sympathetic view from the inside may suggest.

A full harmonious life involves the employment of our faculties in such wise that the unity of our world—more or less

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destroyed by the processes of intellectual growth—is again completely, that is to say, emotionally as well as intellectually, realized.

Mere activity is an unseeing, unconscious process. Thought which concerns itself with mere relations is cold and unsatisfying. Machines can calculate as well as men. A pure sensation, if such a thing existed, would be something we could react to more easily than we could realize. In each of these manifestations of life the element which gives it the depth and tingling reality implied in such words as peace, joy, happiness, fulfilment, is lacking. A sense of heightened living means, whatever else, a sense of heightened feeling. Truly out of the heart are the issues of life. Now, if activity be called the instrument of feeling, thought may be called the guide which brings it to fulfilment by directing it to what will genuinely and permanently satisfy it.

We can realize life completely only when our activities work under the control of thought in the interest of that most fundamental part of us, our "affective" self. To rationalize life should mean to give it such form that our natural capacities for joy reach under the guidance of a wisely controlling idea, full and harmonious development.

Unhappily such rationalization and unification of experience can be accomplished but very imperfectly in our chaotic, everyday existence. Again and again we seem compelled to believe that the forces and materials of our world are in large part alien, incomprehensible. We long to find a key to the meaning of things, which will make us see in them a reflection of our own deeper impulses and ideals. This art, by its limitations and selections, is able to provide. Art does not give us real life, but it gives us in concentrated symbolic form that which makes life essentially significant. Through careful limitation of aim and skilful choice of materials it accomplishes that transmutation of experience which man is ever seeking to achieve.

I am in a state, for example, of intense but vague and unfulfilled joy. Half foreseeing the form of activity which will alone fulfil my happiness, I start kicking up my heels. At first my movements are as little ordered as those of a puppy;

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I do not reflect, I act. Becoming more conscious of my actions as I proceed, I find that not all my chance motions are equally satisfying. This fling seems to be more expressive of delight than that; this rhythm more appropriate than that one; this combination more satisfying than some other. Thus, by a more or less swift and instinctive experimentation, I discover a form of activity expressive of this or that aspect of my feeling. The orderly limitations that I have imposed upon my movements react in turn upon my emotion in such a way as to define it more clearly. With this clarified perception of my own feelings I again seek their further embodiment until I reach the point when feeling and form, emotion and idea, seem but aspects of one indivisible experience. My emotion has now become fully articulate; it has order, structure, and as the philosophers would say, *objectivity*. It is no longer merely a private mood, but a something to be reflected upon, to be understood, to be judged: something which conveys to me not only a pleasure but a meaning; not merely happiness but an ideal. In the appreciation as well as in the creation of art one ends with a dominating sense of victory and peace, of stimulation and repose, due to the resolution of all conflicts and oppositions into one unified and spiritually satisfying experience.

Thus art means not merely living harmoniously but also thoughtfully. Art is intuition as well as joy. Since the artist through his ability to organize and isolate compels us not only to attend but to attend passionately, to love what he creates for us, we look not merely at a thing but into it. For the time being we actively live it. Art inhibits some of our normal reactions, not because it is hostile to activity as such, but because only by thus controlling activity can it be made the effective tool of that full significant realization of life which it is the business of art to suggest.

Art, as I said, gives us a vital understanding of things because it presents a subject in such form as to elicit from our organism a complete and joyful response. It furnishes therefore refreshment as well as insight,—its two greatest gifts to blind and wearied humanity.

The refreshment which art affords is genuinely recreative;

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it puts us in tune with ourselves and our world by readjusting us to the fundamental laws of our being. We "find ourselves" in art because we lose for the moment our petty, accidental, chaotic self. The influence of art, when perceived as art, is always in the direction of integrity. Even when it seeks to portray the morbid, its expression is always wholesome because it is always whole. The sensual and genuinely æsthetic, since they represent opposed points of view, are incompatible. The student who enters the studio with the intention of studying art seriously, knows he must, as the saying goes, "hang up his passions with his hat."

Since art is an expression of personal feeling, it affords insight into the longings and ideals of other minds. It begets a form of human sympathy which, though in many ways less satisfying than that which springs from human intercourse, is yet, within its own limits, more complete. That aspect of personality which for the moment speaks to us through a song or a picture does so with a fulness and freedom seldom equalled outside of the fine arts.

But it is perhaps with nature that art brings us into closest touch. Under art's guidance we come to view her not as an impersonal creation, but as a sort of mother in whose face we see imaged our own fundamental desires and satisfactions.

It is art's perception of harmony which makes it a natural helpmate not only of religion but of science and philosophy as well. Since it is the business of all activity at one point of its progress to picture what does not yet exist, to lift from the field of reality certain of its elements and through experimental manipulation of them to leap to a new creation, æsthetic insight has its more or less important part to play in all creative activity.

III

We have now regarded art from two distinct and characteristic points of view. From the one, it has seemed a dangerous, if delightful delusion; from the other, a wholesome, recreative inspiration. Much of the prevalent ineffective and unhealthy use of art is due to our failure to reconcile these two seemingly contradictory points of view. Why this conflict of

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attitude should have proved so troublesome is a little difficult to see. We have satisfactorily resolved many similar paradoxes.

In fact, opposed points of view must always arise where the significance of a vital force is in dispute. For such a force, in inevitable opposition as it is to other forces in life, can naturally effect evil as well as good. It is the uniqueness and individuality of such sources of power and influence that make them potentially both harmful and useful. You can help or harm me just because you differ from me. Art can help or harm our ordinary existence because it in a sense contradicts it. It is the use of art which determines whether it shall prove humanly beneficial or not. Art has at times done harm because it has been abused. The proper use of art must be determined, as in the case of any other utility, by the nature of its function. If our view of art be correct, its proper application should now be clear. It should furnish inspiration for work and recreation after work.

That subtle, instinctive, bodily and mental readjustment from which the pleasure and insight of the æsthetic experience spring, should ultimately lead, like all bodily and mental readjustments, to some new mode of activity, some more enlightened form of conduct. Æsthetic enjoyment has its rightful place after as well as before activity. For here again it has a natural function to perform in the restoration of that equilibrium which our struggle with the more or less stubborn world of men and things tends to destroy. In the words of a contemporary poet:

> "Dawn saw the toil begin,
> Dusk sees the toil fulfilled—
> Now let there be music and song
> Till the fevered blood be stilled."

Art needs *always* to be related to the activities of life. It must serve life if life is to serve it. To detach art from life is not only to starve it but to disregard its basic principle. To use art morally is but to use it æsthetically. One reason for the regret that men have felt at the decline of applied art is that in it this essential relation between art and life is inevitably respected.

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Our power and desire to react in a healthy way to the incidents of existence will not be weakened by æsthetic enjoyment, provided the true relation of art and life is kept in view. To think before one acts, so long as it is for the sake of more effective action, is not a danger but a good. Æsthetic interest and insight rightly used cannot be otherwise than morally beneficial.

Evidently circumstances and the needs of the individual alone can determine in a given case the proper occasion for æsthetic enjoyment. It is quite possible that our hypothetical artist, seated before the cottage door, was obtaining just the inspiration which he needed in order to perform his work effectively. The lady who is comfortably enjoying a play may be finding not only refreshment but inspiration; not only harmless relief for unsatisfied impulses, but equipment for better social service.

The comparative facility with which we can grasp such perfection as art affords makes it easy for us to allow our enjoyment of it to degenerate into a formless intoxication. Such enjoyment, however, is no longer æsthetic because it is no longer disciplined. It lacks that essential order and harmony which alone can confer upon it the quality which makes it—in the beautiful phrase of Sir Thomas Browne—" a hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson " of divinity.

The goal of art, as I have said, is wholeness, harmony and perfection. But perfection of one kind only cannot suffice us hungry mortals. Art as well as life must seek to realize itself in ever wider and more complete forms. For life is growth and therefore change and discord, as well as harmony and poise. Existence involves a constant alternation of struggle and achievement. Balance once realized is but a stepping stone by means of which through a period of instability and disruption we attain a further moment of poise and concord.

Struggle can no more satisfy us than achievement. Either by itself loses its meaning. We need activity that tends toward self-realization, and realization that makes us eager through enriched insight for still further activity. The sense of self-realization *through* activity, through activity so permeated with the creative spirit that we can say with the poet:

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"Not the Quarry, but the Chase;
Not the Laurel, but the Race;
Not the Hazard, but the Play;
Make us, Lord, enjoy alway!"

That for the humblest no less than for the most exalted constitutes a full and satisfying existence.

Now in modern life—especially in that most modern expression of it, American life,—we are made constantly aware of the active element. Busy-ness and struggle are everywhere. But it is necessary to make careful search for what we have found is no less essential to a complete life. Circumstances no doubt as well as our innate habit of mind tend to emphasize the active at the expense of the reflective aspects of existence. Certain classes, it is true, have the opportunity to meditate as well as act. But the great mass of us are, for the most part, excluded by our environment as well as by our labor from contact with the more poetic and joy-giving aspects of existence. Leading almost purely mechanical lives, we often find the only escape from the weariness that at times overtakes us in questionable or even degrading pleasures.

It will avail us little if we perfect the machinery of life but neglect to develop the life for which the machinery was made. To allow ourselves to remain imaginatively sterile while we are becoming mechanically efficient is to do just this.

Let us welcome, then, and encourage the progress of art: for of it we cannot have too much,—so long as we remember that its true end is to refresh, discipline and inspire life itself.

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CIVIC PROGRESS IN AMERICA

VICTOR BRANFORD

ON the cities of America the Industrial Revolution stamped its sign manual in an all-pervading ugliness and confusion, monotony and waste. Multiply those attractive elements indefinitely and there looms up before your gaze the goal of that progress, which for long was almost the sole American civic ideal—the CITY BIG. A swift and sudden reaction in our own day has reversed, none too soon, the direction of advance and re-oriented the civic aspiration of America toward the older and opposite ideal of the "City Beautiful." In a mood of lavish adornment and with incredible rapidity the cities garlanded themselves with parks and ringed their suburbs with parkways. They dreamed of grandiose civic centres and spacious boulevards. Many cities planned ambitious reconstructions, Hausmann-like in scale and character, and a few are proceeding to carry them out.

The movement toward the "City Beautiful" is far from having exhausted itself. It is still in salutary progress as an æsthetic act of repentance. But another wave of civic emotion has surged into the focus of attention and is running high through the length and breadth of a nation which is a continent. More heavily charged with more complex and positive purposes, this new movement has for its watchword the "City Better." It expresses itself in three great lines of activity, determined by the problem which it confronts. The achievement of the City Better is taken to postulate at once a moral re-birth, a new economic coöperation, and—as a preliminary to both—a re-investigation of social conditions. These several implications of the ideal, then, have given origin and imparted direction to three distinctive currents of civic enthusiasm. One of these, guided by a succession of remarkable Mayors—veritable City Fathers—is sweeping clean the Augean stables and replacing by administrations of efficiency and economy the old reign of municipal corruption which became a burden as well as a by-word. Another main current of redemptive civic activity (bringing fresh power

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to the pre-existing housing-reform and sanitary movement) is organizing a coöperation of the municipal authorities with the railways and the industries in schemes of transit reconstruction within the city area; so that, for instance, it shall no longer take three days to get a truck of wheat from a western to an eastern railway terminus in Chicago, with vile defacement of the city as an incident in the process.

As the first current in the City Better movement is primarily moral, and the second economic and hygienic, the third is fundamentally intellectual. A new social imperative, entitled "Know Your City," is gathering momentum and winning acceptance far and wide. Under its impulse and sanction there is everywhere astir a penetrative spirit of inquiry into the facts and tendencies of city life. Its productivity ranges from the comprehensive "Pittsburgh Survey," whose half-dozen impressive volumes achieved a world publicity, down to the locally exhibited map of sewers, wells and waterpipes resulting from the "sanitary survey" of some western townlet suddenly awakened to the meaning of hygiene. The growing prevalence of the "social survey" in America is attested by many events of peculiar interest. When, for instance, stockholders of a great industrial trust take to demanding from their directorate a "social survey" of labor conditions in their mills to supplement the annual balance-sheet (as was done recently in the case of the Steel Corporation), who shall deny that the day may be approaching when by the Man in the Street, even though it be Wall Street, dividends will be reckoned in life and welfare?

There we talk of remote possibilities, and there are a crowd of others much nearer than that one. The significance of the "social survey" as we find it here and now lies in the testimony it affords of a general spontaneous awakening of citizens to civic consciousness and of a consequent resolve to know and to do. The movement is not one being forced on the cities from without. It has, happily, external sources of guidance, but it is crystallizing from within. Once the "survey idea" has touched the imagination of a city, what wonderful transformations—at least in social re-groupings and liberated energies—may be wrought, let the story of Syracuse tell.

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In a city of 150,000 people, within the State of New York, the clergy and the local philanthropic agencies, along with the employers (acting through the Chamber of Commerce) and the working-men (acting through the Trades Council) all come together and enter into a co-partnery for the execution of a "preliminary survey" of their city. They allocate the costs in proportion to the collective means of their respective organizations, two-fifths being borne by the Chamber of Commerce and a fifth each by the other three groups. They call to their aid men of specialized experience from other cities, and thus obtain the services of the most competent experts in housing, in child welfare, in prison reform and other fields of inquiry and betterment. Volunteers for the detailed work of investigation and organization are forthcoming, and there springs into being a little army of physicians, clergymen, lawyers, students of the local university, municipal officials, journalists and plain citizens all metamorphosed for the time being into "civic surveyors." For commander-in-chief, modestly designated the survey director, is obtained the executive head of that admirable initiative, the Department of Surveys and Exhibits of the Russell Sage Foundation in New York City. The resulting five weeks' campaign of active investigation carries the "survey" to the stage of "report." To give publicity to the finding of the provisional reports there is organized a "know your city" week. It begins on a Sunday morning with sermons from forty pulpits on the responsibilities of citizenship. On Monday the schools take up the tale, and among other juvenile contributions is the reading of the prize essays selected from over a thousand written by the pupils on "How to make Syracuse a better city." Daily there are conferences on concrete local problems in the afternoons; in the evenings, mass meetings at which the reports are read and discussed. An exhibition of maps and charts, pictures and photographs of actualities, plans of improvements, is no unessential display of the "know your city week": it is indeed the centre on which its efforts focus. For by this graphic appeal is the surveyors' vision of the city, as It Is and Might Be, most fully evoked also in the minds of others and transmitted to the general body of the citizens. The Exhibition of Civic Surveys and Re-

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ports is indeed at once a representation of fact, an evocation of dream, and an impulse to action.

Such is the story of Syracuse and its "preliminary survey." In the comprehensive sweep of its beginnings, in its simultaneous mobilization of all powers and purposes, it could, of course, be matched in but few other cities as yet. Nevertheless it is indicative of a movement demonstrably in progress at a hundred other places. Its significance for the student of survivals and tendencies lies in its interpretation as one of the signs of impending transition from the abstractions of public life to its realities: i. e. from State and national politics to civic and regional politics. Contrast the difference in organization, in mode of working and in educational process between the two systems. Instead of mystic caucuses, mimetic war of faction-fight, fevered elections, partisan orations, postulation of irreconcilable rights, appeals to unverifiable abstractions, we have affirmation of definite responsibilities, citizens in coöperative activity, surveys of actualities, reports in reference to concrete problems and specific issues, plans of possible improvements, appeals to the sense of order and to vision of the City Better.

But the new social and civic politics has of course its own special perils. Among these is the risk that action proceeding from faulty and inadequate diagnosis may be as mistaken as action proceeding—as so frequently in the old or passing order—from no deliberate diagnosis at all. In face of this peril there is particular need to remind organizers of social politics that the surveys and exhibits, reports and plans of the incipient civic order will be free from the surviving *defects* of the passing political order, just in proportion as they embody the surviving *qualities* of past and passing orders. Hence in so vast a problem, so complex a task as the adjustment of the present to the future, the *historic* survey must have a primary place; and this the more needed the fewer the city's visible monuments of historic cultures. The making of a city-plan for Chicago thus demands in its preparation more rather than less insistently a preliminary historic survey than in the case of Florence or Paris. The newer the city, the more likely its inhabitants to re-invent the defects of old civilizations, unless they be protected against the virus of evil by social transmission of the heritage of good.

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The social survey, so full of promise for the future of American cities, must, if it would contribute adequately and take its due place in the city-planning movement, be further developed to include and incorporate the historic survey; and this, of course, in no mere archæological sense, but in the widest culture meaning. The phrase "city-planning" already expresses, in its content, the wide range and high ambition of American civic aspiration. In the best examples of the survey deliberately prepared for city-planning, there is ample recognition of social aspects and at least an affirmation of the historical point of view. In the survey, for instance, of Jersey City, by Messrs. G. B. Ford and Gooderich, perhaps the most intensive and detailed preliminary survey yet made for city-planning anywhere, there is actual investigation into recreational and culture needs and possibilities, and there is insistence on the study of historic tendencies as a necessary prerequisite to sound city-planning.

Thus is being prepared the way for a further phase of the civic renaissance in America. The leaders of this new advance are looking even beyond the conception of the City Better. How to advance from the City Better to the City at Its Best is their preoccupation. Manifestly, something more is needed than surveying and reporting, more even than the planning and executing of material improvements. The Muses must be invoked to arouse the ideals of personality; and to guide the creative urge of personal ideals toward civic expression, old institutions must be renovated and perhaps new ones devised. In that direction go not a few movements now in fitful progress, in so far as they obviously can be given a meaning and a message (and thereby a lasting vitality) by imparting to them a civic reference and rôle. As examples of such movements may be cited the renaissance of pageantry, the revival of folk-song and dance, the return of processional festivals, the increasing vogue of the acted drama in school and college, the growth of repertory theatres in regional capitals. All these are aids to the flowering of personality and so to the enrichment of communitary life. But the problem remains, How to orient the expanding personality that it may seek expression and outlet in assisting the re-birth of the civic spirit and its maintenance. To the solution of this

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problem, on the overlapping borderland of education and civics, not a few notable contributions might be cited from America, alike by practical experimentalists and by theoretical investigators. Let us take an instance which admirably combines both these aspects.

As the ostentatious misuse of leisure in America provoked the critical and analytic study of Mr. Thorstein Veblen (*The Theory of the Leisure Class*), so the many American initiatives toward the redemption and the right use of leisure have brought forth their generalization in the constructive and synthetic study of Mr. Percy MacKaye (*The Civic Theatre*). His ardent propagandism for a " civic theatre " is not to be confounded by analogy with the movement for a national theatre in England—from which it differs as civic from State politics. It differs too in essence from the Municipal Theatre of Germany, and goes far beyond the mere Repertory Theatre in constructive social aim. For the Civic Theatre, Mr. MacKaye claims no less ambitious a mission than conscious and deliberate leadership in coördinating the whole circle of the arts and the sciences in a long-overdue reorganization of leisure. With Jane Addams he sees, in horror and indignation, the scanty and hard-earned leisure of youth and maiden in the great cities diverted from instinctive quest of adventure in the House of Dreams, and entrapped by commercially organized supply of vulgar or base temptation which aims at substituting lust for joy and debauchery for gaiety. With William Morris, he sees, in shame and contrition, the dull and drab festivities of Labor habitually divorced from Beauty and left joyless in Leisure, because forsaken by Art, which neglects the comforting of Lazarus, while engrossed in the service of Dives. With Gordon Craig and Huntly Carter, he sees in hope and encouragement, dramatist and actor, artist and musician, struggling to liberate themselves from a Commercial Theatre and striving to re-make it in the name of the Muses. In all these energies, unused or misused, these potentialities unawakened or basely stirred, these strivings imperfectly directed, Mr. MacKaye sees the very stuff of civic uplift; and to the Universities and to the Cities, he appeals for aid in his mission of reconstruction.

The universities of America have built for their athletes vast

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and costly stadia. Some, like Harvard, have commenced the ascent from Olympus to Parnassus by occasionally devoting them (the stadia and the athletes) to higher purposes in open-air drama. Here play and pageant have been given with splendid magnificence before immense concourses of spectators. Let the universities continue their arduous ascent of Parnassus, urges Mr. MacKaye, and in course of time and travail they will be enabled to make a worthy return to the people who grant them endowment. What, he submits, the people want from the universities are the true Masters of Arts needed for leadership in creating the repertory of the Civic Theatre, in organizing the players for performances and in training the citizens for chorus.

By plays and pageants, festivals and processions, by folk drama and culture drama, the Civic Theatre is to achieve the uplift of the people through the redemption of leisure. To the cities, its advocate utters the prophetic warning that no city-plan is adequate to future requirement which fails to find a place for the Civic Theatre, and for one designed on large and generous proportions—a spacious portico for pageant, masque and processional, a great central auditorium for historic and romantic drama (from Æschylus to Shakespeare and Rostand), and two lateral auditoriums dedicated respectively to the Intimate Theatre (from Molière to Ibsen and Brieux), and to the Educational Theatre for plays to children and by children. In the focus of the city-plan thus envisaged stands the civic theatre, and grouped around it are its ancillary institutes of popular culture: schools of art and music, library and museum, concert hall and picture-gallery—with their several activities all vitalized through the unifying art of drama. By the creator of this vision there is foreseen in the cities of America a "chain of civic theatres stretching from New York to San Francisco," each with its complement of subsidiary culture institutes, developing a "redemptive ritual of joy," uplifting the body of citizens, as for their cities did the cathedrals of old.

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A CATHOLIC CHURCH

L. J. EDDY

A WRITER in contemporary pages, a decade or so since, gave an opinion on the future growth and domination of the Roman Catholic Church. He forecast its absolute supremacy.

Such eruptions as heresy-trials, papal encyclicals and forward movements have shown the dissenting or revivifying spirit on all sides, yet these instances are the extremes, and the quiet of religious circumstances seems pervasive. What place will each of the two great armies of Christ hold in the years to come? What will be the outcome of this strange competition where according to the spirit of Christ one would look for unity? And, with regard to the temper of our people, their essential ideality, and the fundamental spirit in each body of Christians, what may be a probable development?

To the critic, the outward state of the Roman Church presents the fact of a system, political and theological, which rests on the asserted authority given directly by Christ and handed down unbroken through the centuries. The Bible is held to be directly and literally inspired of God; the dogma built up is unchangeable and infallible; the Church is sole authority in spiritual affairs. Even greater indeed is the Church than the Book, for the Book must have the authority of the Church to its credibility. The Book is in entirety from God; and apart from the Christ and his sacrifice, his mediation, through the Roman Church, there can be no salvation.

This salvation, with its accretions of complex conceptions, rests on the dogma of all men's inherent sin through Adam's fall, and eternal punishment save through the Church, and through Christ who came to the world to expiate man's sin by his death. Over all is absolutely and infallibly the Roman Catholic Church. Witness St. Augustine: " I would not believe the Gospels did not the authority of the Catholic Church impel me."

These are but general outlines of some basic foundations on which this vast religious kingdom is erected, and to which, by all

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that men can do, it is bound irrevocably. Around these dogmatized tenets and ideas, beginning with the "directly inspired" narratives (all written at least a generation or more after the death of the Master), continuing with the words and accounts of the Apostles, have grown up this marvellous and mysterious fabric of belief, and the forms, the organization, political and spiritual, of Roman Catholicism.

Though one and another yearn fiercely or unconsciously for the simplicity, the sweet strength uncolored with intricacies of too-human mystery and strained overlapping of world and spirit, for the utterly spiritual touch and unclothed grace, for a Christ felt and lived with in kindled perception of sense and spirit; though these needs cry out from the depths of many Catholic hearts, confused in the faith, yet must we stand in awe before this temple of temples, a human creation, yet sublimely asserting its marriage with Christ, a very symbol itself of Humanity, an actuality of mingled power and weakness, worldly ambition and humility, unutterable passion of soul and stifling of mind and the larger growth of soul, of charity, fear, superstition, courage, love, ignorance, and the enslavement of freedom. It is at once a glory of the mind and soul of man, the body of eternal religious feeling, and the tragedy of unfulfilment, antagonism to liberty and growth of mind and spirit.

Now in a Church asserting infallible authority in a body of diverse truth, ancient and modern, there is no possible way of harmonizing the self-evident contradictions arising historically or scientifically—the infallibility forces the honor of mind into conflict with honor of soul, and one's loyalty to the Church points to the only path of virtue, a path plainly dishonorable to truth. Thus the Church has not only placed its *summum bonum* before all men without possibility of rejection or of change, but it has weakened the character of men, degraded them, in order to retain them by authority spiritually, and "save" them to eternal life, as the end in view.

Within the communion of the Roman Church there are many perplexed and distressed souls, not Catholics in implicit belief, but in love and need. They are quiet and the world knows little of what may be the wide-spread doubt. Of late there are re-

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ports of a new encyclical against modernism, or of a professor warned from his free and uncatholic views, and such instances are only the rare manifestations. Nearly fifteen years ago the English reviews were much concerned with the question of the effect of science on the dogmas and belief in a literally inspired Scripture. The late Dr. Mivart, Mr. Wilfred Ward, the Rev. R. F. Clarke, and other prominent Catholics took part in this discussion. The situation threw light on the probable attitude of many well-educated Catholics, and particularly perhaps on their faithful and unwelcomed love for the Church.

Modern thought and scientific investigation force doubt and trouble on believers who strive to harmonize the truths presented to their minds with the dogmas and the affirmed literal truth of the Bible. As late as 1870 all the decrees of the Church were not only re-affirmed, but the new dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility added, the more irrevocably, if possible, binding to the past and its burden of spiritual and intellectual slavery.

Let us note here several of these unchangeable dogmas of the Roman Church, for the concrete evidence and the greater emphasis on this one phase of human consciousness which is proclaimed free from error and change.

"If anyone asserts that the prevarication of Adam injured himself alone and not his posterity, and that the holiness and justice, received of God, which he lost, he lost for himself alone, and not for us also, or that he, being defiled by the sin of disobedience, has only transfused death and pains of the body into the whole human race, but not sin also, which is the death of the soul, let him be anathema."

"If anyone say that the fear of hell—whereby by grieving for our sins we flee unto the mercy of God, or refrain from sinning—is a sin or makes sinners worse, let him be anathema."

"If anyone saith that by the said sacraments grace is not conferred through the act performed, but that faith alone in the divine promise suffices for the obtaining of grace, let him be anathema."

"If anyone saith that Christ given in the Eucharist is eaten

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spiritually only and not also sacramentally and really, let him be anathema."

These excerpts from the unchangeable decrees of the Councils speak for the definite beliefs, while the numberless contradictions between science and authority over the literal truth of the Bible, are to be viewed through the eyes of the Church in this council-decree of 1870: "If anyone shall assert it to be possible that sometimes, according to the progress of science, a sense is to be given to doctrine propounded by the Church different from that which the Church has understood or understands, let him be anathema."

So it is that, in a way positive and definite, the very life of the structural Roman Catholic Church rests on its unchangeableness of dogma. To confess the slightest error is to confess the whole credal fabric blown to the winds in so far as the Church organization as such is concerned.

It is all fixity, confessedly a triumph of coerced faith. The material facts since the days of Copernicus have put wonderful changes into the literal truth of the Bible, and Copernicus himself from within the precincts of the Church proclaimed that man's planet was not the centre of the universe. This was heresy. The centuries brought new truths and new problems for believers until, utterly to break with Catholic tradition and faith and her belief in Old Testament accounts of beginnings, there came almost blasphemously Darwinism.

These lovers of the truth within the Church seemingly have no real hope held out for ultimate harmony. Not only are there questions of mere authenticity. Now as always, and still more insistent from latter-day individualism, exist those questions of credibility in doctrines of the type of that fearful eternal punishment and the inheritance of original sin, and also the individual doubts concerning one or another of the orthodox fundamentals, as the Virgin Birth or the Resurrection, not to mention the fundamental domination of minds and souls.

Going back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we find in Wycliffe and Colet a real protesting spirit, as definite as the aggressive revolt of Luther, yet more spiritual. Not only were the abuses in the Church their basis of attack and hatred,

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but their feeling was constructive; it was dominated by a love of the inner heart of the Church, by a hate of the practices and doctrines that to them were inimical to the true Church. Marsilius of Padua still earlier was even more deeply constructive in his idea of Church democracy.

Now it is to be noted that, whatever the divine inspiration within, a Church is as essentially of the life of the people, of its faults and virtues, as any other institution. That which is of moment is the temper of the people, and this temper is a reality, however strong or weak, according to the varied reactions on the common mind and heart. Such a reaction was the economic phase which developed in the Peasants' War at the time of Wycliffe's and the Lollards' activities. Political conditions gave the English race coherent interest, as has been noted, through Wycliffe, in the protesting spirit, and this was a beginning of democracy in individual freedom and significance, though economic conditions delayed the religious revolution for generations in England.

Throughout the more northern countries of Catholicism, before the sixteenth century when the Reformation started into life, the corruption of the clergy and the condition of the Church (all excrescences, not fundamentals) began to anger the laymen of thought—and many righteous clergy as well. Yet the love and the rooted beliefs in the Church were gripping the hearts of men and women. When the spirit of a Thomas More succeeded to the battle, then the desire for a Church free was, though still unrecognized, becoming militant. Out of the struggle for concrete food and bodily safety, and then for rights, comes the larger fight for social rights and for the liberty not only of body but of mind. This is the programme of centuries, yet here we see it all in a few great men. While the spread of learning from the East, from Italy, had given men the awakening to the wonder of man's possibilities, it had in spirit and method run counter to the Church, for study and new truth, new values, new freedom, bring question to authority and to the least coercion of man's intelligence.

But, whereas the Reformation did bring such wrong, infinite intolerance and persecution, it was a great uncontrolled and un-

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refined Spirit of Right, of hatred of falsity and oppression. It was for liberty, yet was dogmatic and intolerant. It was a turning of the outraged upon the ecclesiastics, not upon the Church. This is the essence of the view here put down and looking forward to future religious development. It is the structural Church versus the Church of Christ.

Some of the congregations which formed among the growing Protestants in the Reformation forsook all the forms and practices of the Roman Church, together with certain of its dogmas, but with almost all it was a process of adaptation, of cutting away merely those forms and practices which had become hated or despised. Thus the Lutherans kept much the same formalism as the older order, and much of Luther's practice and advocacy was of the nature of unrestrained zeal in a destructive cause,—thus his writings on divorce. So of Calvin in his passion of fervor against Catholic justification. Notwithstanding his immense influence, it is undeniable that his protesting intellect gave forth a belief which dishonored the very freedom he stood for.

But the heart of the people in truth turned away from the accustomed forms and from the Church which asserted as from God its sole authority over men's spiritual affairs. Such a course could only be taken, especially by the many, from motives of tremendous force. Fear of hell and ingrained belief in the vast moral or spiritual powers and authority of the Church could only be overcome by hate and a disbelief as much the result of disillusion as of positive sense of personal rights and the larger freedom. The sight of an immoral priest raising the Host was enough utterly to root out that part of the sacrament. The fact is that in the most bitter of reformers who had been truly of the faith, loving and worshipful, there was the love of the Church Essential. Thus some even who protested in their souls could find no peace and no life outside the fold. It was not necessarily fear which so actuated these of the people, though assuredly fear was a great factor. It was the love of the Church. When the injustice and falsity drove out these freer spirits, it is obvious that if their faith had been at all an influence it retained a hold, and much of the renounced found its way into the accepted and needed.

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In point of fact it would seem that the greater emotional and static power of spirituality, aside from mental light, lay more in those who clung to the older cherished Church which so many of the Protestants had unwillingly left. But character is the result of feeling and action, whatever the causes of that revolt or awakening; and social and individual character were needed then far more than the mystic, passive fervor of spirituality. Yet the Reformation took away from the Church just this strong, intelligent, unmystical, narrow and free element. It did not take away the wonder of ecstasy and inexpressible religious feeling. The distinction of Professor James between the Monist and the Pluralist, the tender-minded and the tough-minded, is equally well applied to the Roman Church and the Protestant Church.

In the zeal of Wycliffe, a Colet, a More, even a Cranmer, a people enslaved find the beginnings of nationality. This is closely akin to religion, and the people that are kindled to true feeling for this abstraction are never an ignoble race.

Now, when the first pungent fruit of this seed was gathered, men went their different ways and in great trouble of mind and body, and often as always in great movements knew not the times. The protesting spirit survived in a love of freedom that was to mount higher once tasted. On the other hand was the temper of those who loved the Church with a love not plumbed, those filled with a need or fear that permitted no protest. They believed,—in the Church. The temper of More, of Erasmus, of Marsilius, is the solvent to be reckoned with; realizing the limitations, the blindness, the slavery, the ignorance that mingled with unquestioning faith, emotional depth and all the essence of mystic impelling Catholicism. Not plainly did the great Pro*test*ants see their trend. They battled for the present.

The temper and intensity of truth with religious fervor that must have no falsity, must have a true Church of Christ, and that Church, perhaps logically, the Roman Church purged, is with us to-day, and in the light of history and with no lack of reverence wills to make a truer Church.

The Church, to the Vatican and to the hierarchy, is now and forever the same. How can change come to a Church unchangeable, a Church that has maintained itself in this faith and is

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founded on this tenet, that keeps its millions of believers very greatly by their faith in this infallibility, in authority eternal, this never-changing rock of reality in an ever-developing world of trouble and error?

Here is a situation of such import that it is difficult to grasp its entire meaning, without realizing the paradoxical element—a Church if changing forced to deny its very corner-stone of influence and authority, compelled to confess its centuries-old dogma of infallibility an error. Is it not a problem of well-nigh supreme magnitude for the Pontiff or for anyone, whether of the Church Infallible, the Moderns of whatever shade, or the world outside? If millions of believers have been educated for centuries in forced doctrines and forms of a sort that would leave them adrift in a purged Church, what of their welfare during a generation of new ideals or a transition from a condition of partial education and old forms and superstitions to—what? These questions would call for great leaders and noble minds whatever the new insight, and no such educational ideal has ever reached the sources of authority.

So out of all the struggles between the two great divisions of the Church founded by Christ, there appear two vivid factors of utmost importance in the future of Christ's Church—one great element in each side. It is to this human factor that each Church must ascribe its vital hold on its members, if such it has.

It is well to glance here at a few of the recent tendencies, marked and yet easily obscured in the torrents of conflicting and coördinating interests and ideas. If the inception of the reform movement had its seed in the oppression of the people and the growing sense of the inconsistency of the practices and promulgations of the Church and clergy, it was of deeper significance in the essential unchristlike spirit and unfreedom and error of the Church.

To-day we are reading, and for the last few years it has been growing, if less in the public eye than some months ago, of the discord in the Catholic communion. The Index, the censoring bureau at the Vatican, finds constant work in placing under the ban new books of acknowledged communicants; and these works are by authors who frankly condemn the policy of the Vatican,

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the policy of centuries, in brave integrity or in pure hope of forcing a new policy. The criticism of the tenets and spirit of the Church is frequent, yet cautious in the main, so far as communicants and clergy are concerned. But it is worthy of note that it is among the clergy in Italy itself that the unrest is most evident to those who know the conditions. This cautiousness is understandable, and not to be put aside as cowardice or weakness, for it is from the communicants themselves that the hope may become fruition, as ever we have learned in the world's reforms. If reform is necessary, those within the fold can often best lead out the discontented masses to the old true faith or the newer vision; and they are wisest and best who strive to keep the faith within the greater body, up to the last hope—then, in truth, and for the faith, may it be imperative to fight under another banner for the truth that the older body disdains, the truth that cannot live longer in chains. The Pontiff has condemned the unrest in unequivocal language.

This perhaps shows best the fixity of the Roman Catholic Church, comparing the decrees of Trent and later, affirmed and reaffirmed since, absolutely dominated in matters of belief by the Vatican and the great council of Cardinals past and present; the clergy educated and held to loyalty or silence and equivocation. Yet are spirits active like Mivart. So Loisy, Murri and Tyrrell, lovers of the Catholic Church, yet truth-seekers and God-seekers. But error is not confessed possible in that Church, past, present or future, and by the affirmed and re-affirmed promulgations.

Here then is the strange case, and we have rarely seen it made clear in the American journals in its paradoxical and unalterable situation—that changing situation—that Roman Catholicism as its hierarchs to-day and for centuries have proclaimed by their assumption of infallibility for the Church, now, as ever, cannot advance with the truth of the years, and cannot advance because of its own unalterable dogmas or pronouncements that such dogmas and pronouncements are of themselves unchangeable. The points never carry beyond themselves. It is only by becoming the Church Not of Rome that she can advance. Priests and professors who attempt the impossible task of forwarding truth as they see it in the spirit of Christ and the spirit of a

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Church unarrogant and of the people, seeking truth and the growth of character, find by the very thought of change and criticism they are automatically placed outside the fold, or else they are everywhere practising evasion and equivocation toward the masses. This situation obtained when an Austrian savant only some three years since was so enjoined. It was ordered by Rome that further similar utterances from his pen should by the act excommunicate him. His retirement by the Austrian Government was forced.

The Roman Catholic Church rests by all that man can do eternally on fixed dogmas or beliefs worded in unchangeable fashion. Its progress then from accepted facts that humanity comes to find errant, and from a condition of enslavement and control of man's relation with his God, cannot be realized so long as it is this Church of To-day. Progress must confess, as every breath, change; and free-seeking minds cannot accept explanations of immobility, as the apologist in England has put forth. Ward states his faith, harmonizing thus: "there is no change in the meaning of dogma. It was not divine revelation that changed. It was man with his equipment for its explication or expression who changed." Yet the Church made dogma, asserting its emanation from God, and we can find Christ and his simple spirit in the Book. We to-day can but be aware of the concrete fact that vital beliefs are taught and affirmed of the *literal* truth of all Scriptures; we know the twistings and evasions in promulgations and in the Confessional, with the stamp of infallibility on all dogma and utterances of the Pope *ex cathedra*. There is unequivocal reiteration of proven error as truth, aside from the questions of the individual versus the Church.

In the Protestant Church, taken at large as it must be and is in the sense of spirit, it is evident that freedom has been, with the significance of the individual mind and heart in its direct relation and responsibility to God, the underlying, often perverted, basis of distinction. The early reformers had no desire to separate from the beloved Church. They were of it—traditionally and spiritually. But they hated its abuses and its falsities in the hands of fallen clergy or an arrogant hierarchy. The mass of those who fell away saw the luxury and vice of their clergy.

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These were definite human interests, but not easily was the loyalty voided. They were habituated to the One Church which still claims itself the one way to salvation, a salvation meaning Heaven attained only as Holy Church provides. Thus the Lutheran Church was closely Roman save in the casting out of what was deemed idolatry and abuse.

The Protestants were equally intolerant with the Roman Catholics, and often equally savage in persecution. Their excuse was the excuse of the frenzy of the half-awakened, and of human characteristics not at all held in check in such cases by any clearer understanding of Christianity. For a revolt is rarely constructive. And humanity easily becomes apathetic after intensity. However, the seeds planted by Wycliffe (and how many others it is difficult to know) were finding some growth, and under intolerance and the abuses of iconoclasm, under all the confusion, freedom of a sort, with personal religion however chaotic and poor, was struggling to grow. In essence the protest was practical. In significance it was democratic perhaps. Here was at once the new spirit, and here we find the other extreme from the religion of personal negativeness in a responsible mind, and of eternal dogma. Democracy is practical, too. It is the commonplace of personal revolt raised to idealism in terms of the mass. The Roman Church is practical in polity, in ambition, in the paradox of a union of spirituality and shrewdness in dealing with human character or characteristics, guiding to a God, awful yet mild. It knows the power of an unquestioning faith in Authority of Belief for the masses who in ignorance and human weakness and constant falling into sin, crave to throw their sorrows and sins on other shoulders, a Christ with power of spirit to touch erring man with comfort and adoration, and indeed with forgetfulness. Ignorance is at the foundation of this slavery—ignorance never assuaged by the Church and as surely, consciously or not, kept through the decades. Great and vast and inspiring the Roman Church is—a product of ambition, individual humility, mysticism, love, and of power, arrogant power. Great, noble and sweet, and infinitely beyond the vision of our present day imaginations save in those souls who are of the Church Eternal, is the Catholic Church within

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this great *Human structure;* so seems this spirit to the critic perhaps as to Mivart and the devoted priests here and there, silent or characteristically sounding the note of progress. It may be that the spirit inheres and is to bear full fruit, spite of the awful power and domination of the Church.

Protestantism is practical in different wise; it has stood for the individual, for democracy. Truth of fact has loomed too large, but the love of sincerity and actuality, while lending a certain vexatious squint to the inner eye, has assuredly for compensation given strength and conviction. Individual courage of mind and forthrightness have been the birth-gifts to a race who thus have come to slight some of the softer, gentler traits of heart. Spite of many individuals such as Brooks and Rauschenbusch and laymen in large numbers, gentleness of heart was and is generally confused with weakness of arm and will. Protestants as a body have achieved strength in the loss of mysteries—and mysteries are become abomination. Mysteries are indeed of the heart, not the senses. Intolerance and a new selfishness rise. But withal the Protestant spirit was actual and compelling in the larger freedom and stretching out of the boundaries of a man's mind and of a community's rights and then —*Duties*. Too sober and unjoyous were the characters of these evolved protesters, in the years that passed, and has not the essential spirit in the congregations lacked the subtle kindling poetry and fire of religious consciousness that is the truth of God? Has it found that content of mingled fervor of unselfishness and emotional belief with tempered human understanding of man, not the shallow, sensuous emotionality—not the mere hope of eternal reward? Has it found the deeper significance and the eternal verities along with freedom and growth of ideals to hold up to its God?

The errors, and absurdities, the lost opportunities and semi-atrophied condition, the almost educated ignorance, the degradation of responsibility lost in Confession among the peasants and ignorant, the emotional, passive attitude toward a Christ of a death emphasized for the sake of the sinner's adoration, instead of a life of divine significance, the loss of spirituality in symbols,—yes, it is easy even for the kindly critic outside the

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Church of Rome to call harshly to account this venerable living vital institution; but it is for the critic and every thinking man to study in this time of awakening interest and perplexity the phenomena of this deep-lying power and sweetness and hold of a Church that boldly has proclaimed itself for hundreds of years the sole regent of God, and Spouse of Christ on earth.

Out of the almost inhuman thing we call the Catholic Church, there is far down an emanating spirit that it seems no other Church in the world knows in power, certainly not in its mingled strength of hold, and pervasive religious mystical and poetical quality. But this is not the Church Structural—it is the Church of the Spirit of Christ, the Church Universal.

There is less of the rapt visioning and tender appeal to the lonely, weak human being or aspiring God-seeker in the Protestant idea—it has lacked no great leadership and minds with hearts attuned to God, but it may seem to the student that this prophetic and humble greatness of soul in many a Protestant was of the essence of the truest Catholicism, not Methodism or Episcopalianism or what not. This is not new, but it strikes at the roots of the matter, for the spirit that is religious may be utterly Catholic in the deeper sense, yet not Roman, while the method may be Protestant; and here the thought leads to the gradual elimination of Protestant denomination as such, with its method taken over to a universal Mother Church, in which does perhaps of a truth reside the deeper and actual religious consciousness; but waiting the touch of freedom, the stripping away of authority, ambition and degradation; and the Protestant method, its individualism, its harder qualities all to be assuredly softened and beautified while creating new force and light and personal responsibility in the chalice of Christ's Church.

Protestantism has awakened men to opportunity and insight where hearts were becoming softened to sentimentalism, giving force and human setting to the oldest needs—the yearnings it never could satisfy of itself. The Roman Church has stood and does stand for domination, in guise of Christ's and God's only Regent on earth,—this do or die. Spiritual forces were in Protestantism; its religious consciousness was and is a reality.

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Yet there is the sense of lack, whether in the abandon of passionate devotion and communion with God within one's soul, or whether in the intellectual supremacy and the unpoised union of reason and heart.

Protestantism has shown the need of the method, the quality of truth-seeking, the dignity of man, and his personal hold on God, needing no mediation. And one can find his mind far from the time of à Kempis, but can the glory and sweetness and hold on God fail to impress with thrilling integrity and wonder, in this saintly communicant of the Catholic Church?

The Mother Church cannot by its tenets then remain the Roman organization of to-day and yesterday a thousand years, if it change. Changing, it confesses error. The Church Universal, if it ever is to be an actuality, must come through some enlarging of the inner spirit of present Roman Catholicism, with negation of the present Church and in the method of Protestantism. What is to be the form and reality of the eventuation? Shall the Roman Church go down through the centuries as she has come down the last hundreds, in the spirit of to-day and of the past, or shall the Body take on new life and the Mind throw off its vapors, while the Christlike and eternal Heart of a glory unquenchable leads to unglimpsed heights?

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MORAL AND SOCIAL ASPECTS OF ILLEGITIMACY IN HUNGARY

C. TOWNLEY-FULLAM

I

FOR a truer understanding of the phenomena which distinguish Hungary, recourse should always be had to one or other of the two main principles which together form the keystone of her social fabric:—the maintenance externally of State independence; the maintenance, internally, of Magyar hegemony.

Rich as Hungary undoubtedly is in her special formulæ of public law and historic associations, she is yet the exact counterpart of England. Her jurisprudence has a tincture of that of Rome, but is mainly independent of it. Her State-conceptions remain aspirations simply because of a certain incompatibility between the Turanian Dominant and the federal tendencies of Aryanism. Her institutions, originally purely Saxon, early took the impress of semi-feudalism and ecclesiasticism. Half of the land is still divided between the Church and the oligarchy. And of this half the bulk, the greater estates, are *fidei commissa.*

Politically, Hungary counts for nothing outside the Dualism. This remarkable structure, which violates the first principles of federalism, is absolutely *sui generis.* Its effect is to free her in great measure from the onus of international responsibility and leave her at liberty to concentrate upon internal development. Profoundly distrustful of her own native genius, she has accustomed herself to look for inspiration to the West, an indiscretion which, though it has resulted in the acclimatization of many useless institutions, has nevertheless served to direct her attention to a field of labor which she is steadily making her own. The student and the expert are now fairly agreed that in all those questions which properly belong to the science of sociology:—hygiene, pure food, care of children and correction of the *status* of Illegitimacy—Hungary leads the world.

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II

The Hungarian child belongs to the State. For all practical purposes this far-sighted organism acknowledges to the full its paramount duty to the nation of to-morrow. This semi-control, which extends to almost all conceivable departments, lasts, in general, until the child attains its legal majority, that is to say the age of 24. If, even then, he shows any disposition to permanent extravagance, he may, at the request of his natural or other guardian, he placed under supervision of the Court of Wards. In this regard men of 30 may be still minors at law.

There is something in the sturdy Magyar character that cries out against demonstrable injustice to the helpless. The State is not inclined to grandmotherly legislation. It never seeks to help those who can help themselves; but it never fails to enforce its care upon those unable to sustain physical or economic competition.

III

Illegitimacy may be said to represent in general the margin of victory of natural proclivity plus economic impulse, over the deterrent and restraining influence of public opinion; public opinion itself being the outcome of the combined forces of social custom, dogma, culture and primal necessity.

This victory is represented in Hungary by one-tenth of the total births; in Budapest by anything between one-third and one-quarter.

It is obvious that sheer bestial immorality, as we understand the term, is powerless to account for such colossal proportions. Indeed, as the result of long inquiry and patient comparison of statistical data, I am forced to the conclusions (1) that a combination of historic, political and economic causes has operated to produce a state of public opinion not rigorously censorious in this regard; (2) that this public opinion finds expression in certain legislative correctives to the general consequences of a breach of one of the most stable amongst the canons of a shifting morality.

The natural effect of such quasi-condonation is to remove the phenomenon from the plane of morality and place it in the cate-

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gory of social irregularities. To this encouragement must be added one of the strongest factors in the shaping of human conduct—the force of example.

Men, except Bernard Shaw, hate to appear singular. The fear of acting contrary to the received standard kept thousands of Englishmen under the Commonwealth in paths totally at variance with their natural temperament. Within one year of the Restoration the dread of being labelled Puritanical forced thousands into debaucheries and incontinence equally foreign to their personal tastes.

Before analyzing this phase of public opinion, it may be proper to inquire into the historic and political causes which produced it.

Amongst the many expedients of rulers for the resettlement of depopulated lands, the one most in request amongst Hungarian sovereigns was wholesale colonization from foreign, neighboring countries. These colonists were guaranteed a certain form of autonomy, religious tolerance—as long as it lasted—and material privileges to which even the natural-born Magyar could not aspire. Thus, there grew up within the State a series of corporations answering as nearly as possible to the Hansa conception. It was analogous to the settlement of Brazil by the German, but without the guarantee of a Monroe Doctrine. Though the immediate purpose was served, its legacy was the challenge to Magyar hegemony which lies at the root of the nationality question of to-day.

There came a time, however, when the perennial need of the perpetually wasted land for citizens could no longer be satisfied by these primitive means. Hun, Suabian, Saxon and Serb had followed one another in rapid succession as the waves of Tartar and Turkish hordes receded. The supply was exhausted. Europe herself, as the result of the kindly ministrations of Tilly and the good offices of the Inquisition, lay devastated and depopulated. Yet had there been any surplus population in any quarter it would have been colossal folly to imperil the racial incidence of the land by further complicating, if that were possible, the chaos of nations and creeds. In one quarter there was, indeed, promise. But any addition to the Slav element was

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barred by a three-fold objection. He would disturb the actual balance; he would react unfavorably upon the German, between whom and himself there is, was and is to be strife immemorial, and eternal; he was, at best, an undesirable immigrant, if only for the reason that his introduction meant not a cutting off from his racial stem, but a mere geographical extension of his frontier.

Such was the state of affairs in the time of Maria Theresa. The Apostolic Queen, having tried her hand at colonization, determined to recruit her faithful Hungarians from Hungary. From motives of high policy, dictated by absolute necessity, she provided a solution which broke the canon and saved the State. Whenever it was reported that the demands of the army in any particular district had exhausted its manhood, a regiment of Hussars was quartered on the territory. The moralist shook his head; the statesman nodded approval; the population increased.

This policy was followed by her son Joseph II, with the same result.

The second great danger which threatened the Magyar was the rising prosperity of America. Wholesale emigration began to produce a steady drain upon her manhood. The proportion of sex was thus violently disturbed and the disturbance increased in geometrical ratio. What Buckle said of Europe, "The Crusades, by diminishing the proportion of men to women in Europe increased licentiousness," may be said of Hungary. So serious became the problem that a law was passed making it a penal offence for any person connected with a shipping, emigration or the like agency, to induce people to leave the land.

The third danger was the appearance amongst the Germans in the Dunántúl and the South-east of a now widespread movement, known as the "*Egyke*," to restrict the family to one child.

The accumulated force of these dangers rendered it almost certain that public opinion should not discriminate too nicely. The example of the Government had almost stamped illegitimacy with royal approval, not *per se*, but as contributing to the wealth of the State. Was it for the ordinary man in the street to begin tub-thumping or, like the Jones Lycurgus B. of Bret Harte, "draw the weapon of Bowie to prove the marriage sanctity?"

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There have been other solvents quite as powerful to weaken this idea of sanctity: as the abolition for all purposes of state of the religious marriage and the facility of divorce. On the side of necessity there is the provision that no one liable to military service may marry until he has discharged that duty. Suppose then a conscript of a village who has already made his choice. He debates in the light of his own parochial wits whether he shall leave this maiden to be for three years the spoil of others and the sport of chance, and comes to a natural but uncanonical decision. When he is free he will marry his love: in the meantime she carries his legacy, which is often a *more sacred assurance than a priest could extract at the altar.* Yet that child is illegitimate *according to the statistics.* The soldier returns to the plough and marries the girl. See if you can penetrate that bucolic crust with legal distinctions and the maze of social usage. I have tried it; have been met with a fat laugh, a stare and hospitable *force majeure* towards last year's vintage. Such a man might say with Marcus Aurelius, "I do what my nature wills me to do."

There are yet other phases. There are, not only in the capital, but all over the country, as in Paris, thousands of men and women who gravitate together in an irregular but perfectly orderly and honorable union. These are openly sought by advertisement in the public journals. In the majority of cases the unions last for the term of natural life. The man did not choose to pay the registrar: his children are consequently illegitimate. But that he can repair at any moment. What—to him—is the difference? The result of any marked incompatibility is separation without the fees of the divorce court. But such incompatibility usually becomes apparent before any serious harm is done; for men who have fairly large families are content to bear with certain inconveniences for the sake of common ties sanctified, at least, by usage. "I have three children," said one of these women to me, "and I have to behave myself." At any moment the man may go to the civil authorities and acknowledge the paternity of a child. There is a marriage and father: the law is satisfied and the child becomes legitimate. Or a man may go through the form of adopting his own or any

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other child: thenceforth it is legitimate. Or, again, a partner to one of these irregular unions may be called to the colors and sent out to be shot by the "children of nature" in Bosnia. If the woman can show ever so faintly any intention on the man's part to regularize this union, the children may be legitimatized by the grace of the Sovereign, though the man lies dead miles away in the mountains.

Illegitimate children are in most civilized countries cut off from natural inheritance, that is, the succession to a share or all of a property not disposable by will. Not so in Hungary. If a woman have an illegitimate child, and afterwards, in the regular course of nature, bear three more children in wedlock, the first child, even though the husband refuse to assist in its legitimatization, must succeed to its share in the property of the mother. So far the law acknowledges its *natural* rights.

In another direction the law goes further. It provides lying-in institutions for everybody and asks no questions. And, lest the possession of the child should prove so inconvenient to the mother that she might be tempted to leave it promiscuously about, or even carelessly and without intention endanger its life, institutions are provided which relieve her of all responsibility. Often that little life is of more potential value to the State than actual value to the mother. And the State runs no risks.

The timid shrinking mother—for these mothers are no more brazen moral lepers than was that noble lady of *The Scarlet Letter,*—need not publish her trouble, nor can she be subjected to the callous inquisition of bureaucrats. In a little, sheltered corner of these institutions, there is a place in which she may deposit the infant, and then go her way. There is not a dog to intrude upon the agony of farewell, not a sparrow to carry a whisper of her shame. The State is richer by a little soul and the sum of human misery has been lightened by a great renunciation.

In after years the mother, whose circumstances have improved, may seek to reclaim her child. She turns to a kindly and sympathetic official, but finds, perhaps, that he does not so easily give up the claims of the State. He earnestly urges upon her that the child is happy, well-fed, well-clothed and well-

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attended and asks if the mother can do better. He is open to conviction but will not readily expose the little ward to dangers from which it has once been rescued. No petty considerations of "a charge upon the country" are allowed to stand in his way. For the State of Hungary does whatever its hands find to do very thoroughly indeed.

It may happen that a mother-to-be, with fear deep and real at her heart-strings, adventures out to make a furtive reconnaissance of the future home of her child yet unborn. Now although the primary object of this home is the care of children; although every hospital is wide open; although there are lying-in institutions by the score; the home looks with acquisitive eyes even upon this chance visitor. It does not like to let her go. It would rather she took up her quarters there, were delivered and nursed under the eye of its own staff, and that the little life should be assured *ab initio*. Poverty is not at all a *sine quâ non*. The child of an immoral woman, the child brought up in bad surroundings, may be "confiscated" by the State, though the mother be a Crœsus in her own right.

The strongest testimony to the real need of the State lying-in institutions is furnished by the general birth statistics. Of every two hundred illegitimate children brought into the world, 99 are born in institutions and 101 at home. Of the same number of children born in wedlock, 14 are born in institutions and 186 at home.

Undoubtedly the State has made itself a party to the extension of the normal disturbance of ethical values, by its choice of methods for recruiting the population in the old days, for combatting the disturbance of sex incidence produced by emigration, and lastly for restoring a balance which is threatened by the extension of the one-child system. To a certain extent it has educated public opinion, a process which to Western peoples must appear as something in the nature of a political phenomenon. Through its legislative acts, dictated though these have been by considerations of policy, it is as much responsible for the increase of illegitimacy from 7.20 per cent. in 1876 to 10 per cent. of recent years as are economic causes, the weakening of Church influence and the incalculable incidence of the many and complex

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factors which sway human action. Through its administrative acts, it has reduced the practice of child-murder to manageable proportions.

Although criminal justice knows no set-off, Civil Law is generally subject to the corrective of Equity. In this case international public opinion, in weighing the services of Hungarian institutions to the common cause of mankind, will add to its verdict the rider, "but the country was not responsible for her actions."

Reverting for a moment to child-murder, I ought first to qualify the term. It is here employed not only in the sense of the indictable offence of wilfully doing away with human life, but in the broader aspect which includes carelessness, abortion, and the result of pure ignorance.

As to the first phase, no safeguard will avail against criminal intention; yet the proportion of murders has been sensibly reduced through the operation of the asylum system which, by providing a kind of loop-hole, weakens an intention rooted in economic necessity.

Simple carelessness is beyond the powers of gods and men.

Abortion, collusion between poorly-paid midwives and women anxious to escape consequences, tends to diminish rapidly. The only stable factor is the existence of a class of women who repudiate altogether the status of motherhood. For the others, State institutions provide a means of escape.

Murders arising from pure ignorance, constructive murders, might be illustrated by reference to certain economic usages common to most agricultural communities of the continent. The most salient of these is woman-labor. In the cities of Hungary, Slovak women are largely employed in the building trade as day-laborers: in Transylvania everybody works. In the provinces where the land is not rich and the yield small, it is imperative that men and women should share the work. At harvest an idle day would spell calamity. What then must be the effect of a confinement upon the family budget? And when the woman is able to stand alone what is to be done with the encumbrance? The woman goes out to work at three or four in the morning and remains in the fields as long as she can see. If left to itself

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without food or at an age when, given food, the child would still lack the instinct to conserve the store, it would starve, choke or cry its life away. To prevent this it used to be the custom to deaden its consciousness by making it drunk on spirits or comatose with poppy. The child which could survive a course of treatment such as this would cease to be a child: it would be a miracle.

To cover this danger a new series of State institutions was devised, where children could be "left till called for." Here, again, there is no one to make nice inquiries as to compliance with the canon. All the long summer day the children, habited in strange and picturesque garb, roll happily amongst mud and sand, under the watchful eye of their good genius, the State. At night they sleep the deep, untroubled sleep of the tired well-fed. This is, indeed, accomplishment.

One important result of State activity should not be overlooked. The cumulative effect of humane laws, humane institutions and tolerant public opinion is that the statistics furnish, in the main, a true index to the existing state of affairs. It is not so ordinarily, and thus Hungary has made a great relative advance, and at the same time has established a newer standard.

This question of a standard has always troubled moralists. The Anglo-Saxon races have always tended to estimate the specific gravity of the morality of any given people comparatively to the norm of the Christian dispensation. On this showing, Hungary with a percentage of 9.7 of illegitimate births should be twice as depraved as England, where the percentage is 4.2. It is nothing of the sort. Until all contributory factors are weighed and assessed, until a common standard is admitted, until the unborn, the potential lives annually sacrificed to the Moloch of public opinion, can be numbered with the born, all idea of instituting comparisons upon moral bases is rigorously excluded.

The question had better be left as it is. He would indeed be a hardened peddler of statistics who should attempt to tabulate the abortive conceptions, the number of the infecund and the surreptitious removals which vitiate all attempts at accuracy.

The figures quoted offer half a truth. From half truths it is neither safe nor wise to draw conclusions.

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The most striking commentaries upon this purely arbitrary value of birth statistics as an index, not particularly of morality, but of anything at all, are furnished by the conflict between civil and canon law, and the incongruous results of independent conceptions.*

The Jews constitute one-fourth of the population of the capital. The percentage of illegitimate births for the whole of the city is 27; for the Jews of Budapest 11. The noble tribute of Archbishop Temple in *Essays and Reviews*—"In chastity the Hebrew stood alone"—would thus be sufficiently vindicated even if the figures did not, as they do, malign Israel.

The Orthodox Jews of Hungary regard the civil law with a certain amount of veiled disrespect. Where it conflicts with the Mishnah and the Law of Moses they ignore it altogether. The civil law provides that a marriage may not be celebrated by a priest, pastor, what-not of any sect until it shall have been performed by the official designated by Parliament. The Law of Moses provides that the giving of a ring and the repetition of a simple formula in the presence of witnesses constitutes a marriage valid in Israel. Observe there is no contravention of the law, the presence of the Rabbi being unessential. Indeed the Rabbi is an official, not a priest. The Jew marries according to the Older Law. The State maintains that this is no marriage. The Jew does not care what the State maintains. The State says his children are illegitimate. The Mishnah says nothing. On this negative justification the Jew promptly legitimatizes his children as fast as they appear and there the matter ends. But for all statistical purposes, all such children *are born out of wedlock,* whilst children born 15 years ago, in exactly the same circumstances but *before* the introduction of the civil marriage, are held to be legitimate! They are saved by the fact that the law is not retrospective.

The foregoing is a fairly accurate representation of affairs

* As to fecundity in general, the birth-rate in Hungary, until the appearance of the Egyke, or one-child system, was far in excess of that of any other progressive country. It is still, in a modified degree. From 1874 to 1898 it was 43 per thousand at home. In America, according to H. G. Wells' *Future of America,* the birth-rate amongst the Hungarian emigrants was 46 per thousand, the highest of any civilized people in the world.

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as they now stand. But the student, with a sensitive digit upon the pulse of public opinion, detects a still more liberal tendency in the direction of ameliorating the condition of infants handicapped at birth. For a long time Hungarian jurists have been engaged upon the colossal work of codifying the civil law. The draft of 1902 was a mere *ballon d'essai,* but well served its purpose. Few dispositions excited more interest than that which touched upon illegitimacy. The amended section suggested that the subsequent marriage of the parents of illegitimate children should *ipso facto* constitute these latter legitimate. But opinion, since 1902, has advanced, is advancing. Many publicists are now in favor of the total abolition of the status of illegitimacy. They shrink from perpetuating a horrible injustice. They hold that the maxim "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," should not apply until it is definitely established that failure to register before a civil authority is a breach of any commandment other than the commandment of the State: and they may be right.

IV

Having dealt at large with the general aspect of this question, I append a brief sketch of the metropolitan incidence.

The percentage for the whole country oscillates between 9.5 and 10; that for Budapest remains fairly constant at 27. It is obvious, then, that this marked increase can be accounted for only through the operation of special causes. Of these the majority are common to all large capitals, but there are others local and peculiar to Budapest. The large permanent garrison; the difficulties of housing; the almost total absence of pastoral supervision which is such a feature of village life; high rents and charges; merciless taxation; the high proportion of the wastrel class which gravitates to every great city; general conditions of labor; a certain Bohemian improvidence,—these, apart altogether from certain proclivities inherent in mankind, are all instrumental in producing the phenomena disclosed in the abstracts appended.

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TABLE I

BUDAPEST

ANALYSIS OF ILLEGITIMATE BIRTHS ACCORDING TO RELIGIOUS BELIEF OF PARENTS

Denomination	Percentage of total births, exclusive of still-born				
	1901	1902	1904	1906	National predominance
Roman Catholic	31.2	31.3	31.3	30.2	Magyar and German
Greek Catholic	44.4	46.1	48.8	48.1	Magyar
Greek Oriental Church	19.2	25.4	24.7	29.5	Servian
Augsburg Confession	33.	32.1	31.6	30.8	Magyar, German and Slovak
Evangelical Reformed	30.5	30.4	30.7	29.9	Overwhelmingly Magyar
Unitarian	40.	56.2	48.6	40.4	" "
Jewish	12.7	12.5	12.1	11.7	" "
General percentage of total births (excluding still-born)	27.5	27.5	27.5	26.8	

TABLE II

ANALYSIS OF ILLEGITIMATE BIRTHS ACCORDING TO NATIONALITY (1906)

Nationality	Legitimate	Illegitimate	Total	Per cent. of illegitimate
Magyar	14874	5339	20213	26.41
German	617	166	783	21.20
Slovak	313	171	484	35.33
Roumanian	7	6	13	46.15
Croat	4	11	15	73.33
Serb	12	2	14	14.29
Bohemian	60	13	73	17.81
Polish*	167	182	349	52.15
Various	36	14	50	28.
Unknown†	—	15	15	100.
Totals	16090	5919	22009	.....

* The Poles are principally Jews of the orthodox sect. It is a Polish custom to marry the young men of 16 or 17 to maidens a year or so younger. As the marriages take place according to the Law of Moses, the provisions of the Code relating to military service and compulsory State marriage do not apply. It is conceivable that out of a total of 182 illegitimate births, not one is really so according to the Jewish law. And prior to the introduction of the Civil Marriage Law in 1895, all would have been considered legitimate.

† Obviously. If known they would have been classified.

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TABLE III

MORE DETAILED ANALYSIS

Class of Parent	Total births	Legitimate	Illegitimate	Percentage of Illegitimacy
Independent vocations:				
Tailors and dressmakers	371	244	127	34.23
Miscellaneous industrials	607	459	148	24.38
Butchers	130	128	2	1.54
Shoemakers	197	187	10	5.07
Assistants, etc.:				
Tailors and dressmakers	571	378	193	33.80
Miscellaneous industrials	3042	2379	663	21.79
Shoemakers	463	388	75	16.20
Domestic servants*	2925	77	2848	97.37
Farm servants	14	11	3	21.43
Agricultural workers	182	168	14	7.59
County and municipal officials	72	72	....	.....
Day laborers	1012	602	410	40.51
Postal and public servants	286	281	5	1.75

* This high percentage is no criterion. Domestic service excludes the possibility of marriage. The real importance of the figures lies in the fact that this class of workers supplies 50 per cent. of the total number of illegitimate children. Undoubtedly servants are in a sense penalized by the nature and restrictions of their employment. Very many come from Transylvania and belong to the Unitarian Church. (See analysis of religions.) A belief in "inherited depravity" is part of the Unitarian creed!

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AUSTRALIA'S NEW CAPITAL

HUGH HART LUSK

TWELVE years ago the first federal Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth met in Melbourne, and after twelve years of what has been called deliberation, but has really been struggle, the foundation stones of the new federal capital have just been laid. The event is interesting in itself, as being the second step in the visible building up of a young nation, but it has an additional interest in its bearing on the peculiar circumstances and conditions of the continent of the South Pacific.

Fourteen years ago it seemed very doubtful whether it would be possible to secure a federation of the six colonies that had divided, though, of course, in no sense occupied, the three million square miles of territory contained in the continent. There were three main causes of the difficulty. The first of these, and the most difficult to overcome, was found in the fact that the six colonies had grown up separately, had adopted their own policies and managed their own affairs so entirely without interference from the mother country or from one another that they could hardly bring themselves to give up any of the powers that appeared to have worked so well. The second difficulty was more indefinite, but perhaps no less influential. The first objection was not, of course, a new one. It had been felt keenly in the case of the American colonies at the end of the revolutionary war: it has probably been felt in the initial stages of every attempt to federate States that have enjoyed separate government of a popular kind in every part of the world. The second difficulty in Australia was really a negative one—it was the absence of a really strong reason in support of a change. The experience of the American States had convinced their people of the necessity of combination as the guarantee of safety: there was nothing to suggest its need for this purpose to the Australian people. It is not, perhaps, remarkable that it took several years and a great deal of argument to convince

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the majority of the people that they would obtain value for the powers of self-government they were asked to give up.

The difficulty was at last overcome by the judicious and persistent use of an argument that appeals to most communities, and specially to those possessed of an extent of territory that naturally suggests the future greatness and influence of the nation that occupies it, if only it can present a united front to the rest of the world. This was the argument made use of by the advocates of federation in the various Australian colonies, and it was this that induced a sufficient majority in each of the States gradually to give their assent to the proposal. The last State to come in was New South Wales, and indeed it was not till one appeal to the people of the Mother State of Australia by way of referendum had failed that the difficulty was overcome.

The secret of the difficulty lay in the fact that New South Wales was the oldest, and also the most populous, of the colonies, and its people had a feeling which, however sentimental it might be, was yet strongly felt, that the new federal constitution should in some way recognize these facts. The colonists of Victoria had been prominent in their advocacy of federation, and they had made no secret of their intention of having Melbourne declared the capital city of the commonwealth. They had in their favor the fact that their own chief city was more nearly central than Sydney, taking the settlement of Australia as it stood at the close of the century, and there could be little doubt of their success in case the question should be left to the decision of the first Parliament of the new federation. The defeat of the proposal to join the federation when it was first submitted to the vote of the people of New South Wales was practically due to this fact. And it was only when it became apparent that the carrying out of the scheme of a federated Australia depended entirely for its success on the acceptance of the proposal by the people of New South Wales, that the leaders of the movement in the other colonies agreed to a compromise. The old jealousy that had existed between Sydney and Melbourne from the time, in the days of the early gold discoveries, which had threatened to place the younger city in the position of the metropolis of the continent, would not allow Victoria to agree that Sydney

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should be declared the capital, while the same jealousy forbade the people of Sydney agreeing to join a federation if the question of the capital were left in such a position that it might possibly end in Melbourne securing the prize.

In the end a compromise was arrived at, that while neither Melbourne nor Sydney should be the federal capital the seat of the commonwealth Government should be established at some place within the State of New South Wales, to be fixed by the federal Parliament, at a distance not less than one hundred miles from the city of Sydney. There is something which looks curiously childish about the terms of the compromise, it must be admitted, and it will probably remain in the records of the Australian people as an almost unique illustration of the limit that can be reached by local rivalries in shaping the destinies of a nation that may one day become great. The compromise was accepted after some hesitation, and a sufficient majority of the people of New South Wales agreed to accept the amended constitution, and even to agree to the seat of the federal Government being temporarily fixed at Melbourne, until a permanent site could be agreed on, and the necessary steps taken to erect buildings to accommodate the various departments of the federal administration.

The people of Victoria had very reluctantly paid the price demanded by Eastern Australia as the sole condition on which they would join the new commonwealth, but it soon became evident that they meant to make the most possible of the concession which secured to their own capital city whatever there might be of dignity or of profit in what they had secured. To be recognized as the capital, even for a time, of the new commonwealth could hardly fail to give Melbourne, and the State of which it was the centre, greater consideration in the eyes of the rest of Australia, and of the world, and this under skilful management might serve to restore the superiority which they had possessed twenty-five years before and which had been gradually slipping from them since then. In the sixties and early seventies, while the effect of the great gold discoveries was still keenly felt in the influx of new population, it would have been an unpardonable heresy for any Victorian settler to doubt that Melbourne was

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destined to be Australia's metropolitan city, and for many years the values of city and suburban lands had been proportionately greater than elsewhere. The fact that the natural advantages of Sydney, with its magnificent harbor, had been asserting themselves more distinctly at every census period since then had not only aroused the jealousy of the people of Victoria, but had given rise to doubts whether after all it might not turn out that the investments of the people in city lands had been based on a false estimate of the future. This feeling had been so strong that probably a majority of the people of Victoria would have preferred a federation that only took in the four southern and western colonies of Australia to abandoning their hope of becoming the capital of the commonwealth, had it been likely that South and West Australia would have agreed to such a limited union. Of this there seemed little hope, however, and all that remained was to make the best of the concession, which gave Melbourne for a time whatever advantages might attach to the possession of the seat of federal administration.

There can be no doubt that the people of Victoria have done their best to profit by the arrangement in a variety of ways. The manifest drawback was the temporary nature of the advantage. The constitution had made it clear that one of the first duties of the federal Government and Parliament was to agree upon the site for the commonwealth capital city and adjacent territory, and to take the necessary steps to establish the capital on that site. No limit of time was fixed within which this was to be done, and the other features of the commonwealth constitution placed many obstacles in the way that might, if skilfully managed, delay the settlement of the question for a good many years.

One of the conditions on which the various colonies had agreed to enter the federation was that the public lands and their administration should remain under the control and ownership of the States, and this was embodied in the constitution. As it was necessary that the federal Government should have not only a city but a territory of its own, the first thing to be settled was not only where a suitable site could be found, but to come to some arrangement with the State Parliament which controlled it as to how much territory they would agree to hand

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over, and on what terms they would do so. The situation was one that offered great opportunities for delay, and as delay was the object of the politicians of Victoria it is not surprising that it was taken full advantage of. For the first ten years after the commonwealth was established Victoria, and the more western States of the federation, were most strongly represented in each federal Government, and during those years the question was either put aside, as one that could await a more convenient time, or was treated in a way to discourage progress. Committees were appointed at each session, year after year, but they did little more than mark time. Various sites were suggested, inspected, and reported on, and matters usually stopped there. In the meantime the State Parliament and Government of New South Wales were growing impatient, as they fully comprehended the tactics that were being made use of to keep the seat of federal government in Melbourne as long as possible. On each occasion when they were referred to as to their readiness to give up a sufficient quantity of the public lands of their State to meet the demands for a federal territory they expressed their willingness to do so, even when the amount of land required was extended to an area of nine hundred square miles. At last they became convinced that nothing but strong political pressure would compel steps to be taken to give effect to the clause of the constitution that provided for the establishment of the federal capital within the State of New South Wales.

Within the last three years it has been made clear to all parties in the commonwealth Parliament that something must be done to give effect to the provision of the constitution on which the accession of their people to the commonwealth had depended. Federal Cabinets have so far been very short-lived in Australia, but at last it was made clear that no Government would retain the support of the members from New South Wales or Queensland that did not take active steps to secure a site for the federal capital and proceed with the development of the city. It was this more than anything else that proved fatal to the last Cabinet, whose Premier was a representative of Victoria, and led to the accession to power of a Government under the leadership of a Queensland Premier; for while partly a victory for the

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Labor party it was at least as much due to the determination of the eastern States to remove the capital from Victoria, and establish it in the mother colony of the commonwealth. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of Canberra, the capital of United Australia, was the direct consequence, as even the people of Melbourne awoke to the fact that the time had come to give up the struggle.

There were several real difficulties in the way of selecting a really suitable site for the federal capital, though the site eventually chosen was almost the first suggested. In the first place it was essential that it should be on the coastal belt of New South Wales, as almost any site on the inland slope—which means anywhere more than a hundred and twenty miles from the ocean —would be in danger of being in want of water in one of the long droughts that are the drawback of the Australian climate. It was, of course, necessary that it should not be within a hundred miles of Sydney, which shut out more than two hundred miles of the coast, while it was desirable that there should be easy access to some reasonably good harbor. The harbors of Australia are few, and though there are more of them on the New South Wales coast than on any other part of the southern or eastern coasts of the continent, even there they are few, and by no means first-rate in quality. It was practically necessary to select a site not far from the coast, and between Sydney and the border of Victoria, as any site to the north would be less central; and it was at last found that this could be secured in a plain more than usually well watered by two considerable, though hardly navigable rivers, about fifty miles from a well sheltered bay on the coast that could be improved into a fairly good harbor by the expenditure of a good deal of money. The result of some ten years' struggle was finally reached by the enactment of two statutes, one by the Parliament of New South Wales handing over the territory, with all the unsold lands within the area of nine hundred square miles, to the commonwealth Government, and the other by the federal Parliament, formally accepting the surrender for the purposes of a federal capital and district.

Rather more than two years have now elapsed since these statutes were passed, and no time has been lost in taking the

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first steps for the selection of a site for the capital, and for obtaining plans for the city itself. Statutes have been passed for the temporary government of the federal territory, until the regular machinery can be removed from Melbourne to the new capital, and others providing for the drainage of the city area, and for a permanent water supply. Large prizes were offered for the best designs—probably the largest ever offered in such a competition in any part of the world—and as a consequence no less than 149 competitive designs were received from leading landscape and architectural designers in most of the civilized countries of the world. The inducements to compete were unusually great as three prizes were offered for the three best designs of £1,750 ($8,750), £750 ($3,750), and £250 ($1,250) respectively. In addition to this there were, of course, the honor and the business advantage that would be sure to follow success in such a competition. The designs were submitted to a commission of five experts, and their all but unanimous decision was finally in favor of the design submitted by Walter Burley Griffin, of Chicago, Illinois. An interesting proof of the wide interest aroused by the competition is supplied by the fact that the second prize was awarded to Eliel Saarinen, a well-known architect of Helsingfors in Finland, and the third to D. A. Agache, professor of architectural science at Paris. It is hardly surprising, perhaps, that the chief honors should have fallen to an American, as no other part of the world has witnessed anything like the number of new cities that have sprung up in the United States within the last fifty years.

Of the 576,000 acres that constitute the federal territory twelve square miles have been set apart as the site of the city proper, and it is proposed to reserve about a hundred thousand acres for parks, roads, a military college and grounds, and other public purposes outside the city limits. There will thus be left an area of fully three hundred and thirty thousand acres of federal territory beyond what is required for the capital and the very liberal allowance made for public purposes of nearly every kind subject to the control of the commonwealth. Of this territory about half is handed over to the federal authorities as unalienated public lands, the other half having been sold from

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time to time in past years to individuals. It is understood that it is the intention of the present Government of the commonwealth to obtain legislation from the federal Parliament enabling them to secure at a valuation from time to time all lands that have been alienated within the territory, for the purpose of substituting for a freehold tenure some form of leasehold for long terms, so that eventually all lands held within the federal area shall be subject to conditions laid down by the Government. It is probable that these conditions will be to a large extent copied from the New Zealand statutes of the last twenty years, introducing the principle of beneficial occupation, and of revaluation at fixed periods for the purpose of readjusting the rents.

The federal territory of Australia, it will thus be seen, is not a very large one, indeed the watchful jealousy of the States as to any infringment of their powers was sure to prevent any large areas of land, within the climate zone capable of easy settlement, from falling into any hands but their own. It is, however, more than possible that even so small an experimental area as the nine hundred square miles surrendered by New South Wales may, if wisely administered, have great results. One thing seems certain—the Government of the commonwealth will have an unusually free hand, and every opportunity of showing what they can do, if, as is the case with the party at present in power, their ideals are what most people consider socialistic. Everything, or very nearly everything, within the federal territory will practically be in their own hands. They have taken over a district, no part of which has been greatly improved, and they are engaged in erecting on it an ideal city to accommodate twenty thousand people in the first instance, and all the departments of the commonwealth Government. They are constructing, and will own and operate, everything required to make the Australian capital an absolutely up-to-date city. The streets, the drainage, the supply of water, of gas, of electricity both for lighting and power will be theirs; they are constructing street railroads, and are already engaged in the construction of lines of railroad to connect the new capital, when built, with the other main lines of railway, which have hitherto passed the district at a distance to the north-west of fully twenty miles. Every matter of city regula-

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tion will remain in Government hands, and private enterprise and private capital will have no place, except in the supply of the every-day needs of the population. It would be difficult to conceive a case in which the full meaning of Government ownership and control could be more thoroughly tested than in the new federal District and capital of the Australian Commonwealth.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stones of three of the principal buildings of the city naturally attracted great interest, and the site of the future capital was visited by a large proportion of the most prominent citizens of the commonwealth, indeed there has been no such gathering since the first Parliament was opened in 1901 by the Duke of Cornwall and York—now King George. It is difficult, if not impossible, to convey to anybody unfamiliar with Australia—the country, the climate, and the strange and almost weird vegetation—anything like a real picture of the site of the new capital. It has very little in common with any other capital site, and yet it has a charm of its own that is quite characteristic of Australia, and probably of no other country. It has not the striking qualities of the federal capital of America, for the hill that forms the central and leading feature of Washington is absent. It has little in common with Ottawa in situation, and even less in almost every other respect; but it is not a bold prophecy that within twenty years it will be admitted by strangers from other continents that the federal capital of the Commonwealth of Australia need not shrink from comparison with either of the older cities. At present it is the scene of a great industrial activity. Crowds of workers of every kind are engaged in laying the foundations of a great, and in many respects an ideal, capital city. The roads, the bridges, the thousand and one requirements of an ideal city of the twentieth century, are in course of construction by thousands of skilled workers for whom a temporary town has been built. There are huge piles of stone brought from distant quarries for its public buildings, vast stores of the representative timbers of Australia exposed for seasoning to the burning sun of an Australian summer, and huge heaps of iron work to form the skeletons of buildings not less pretentious than the great department buildings of Washington.

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The people of Australia have no doubts about the future of their commonwealth, as one of the world's great nations of the future; and the occasion of forming a suitable capital, and building a city worthy of its anticipated destiny, is one that will not be overlooked. This is the age of advertising, and it is evidently the impression of the Australian people and their Government that it will pay to spend both skill and money in producing as nearly as possible a representative city of the new century to form the political centre of the nation that is destined, as they believe, to be the only one that has a continent to itself. There are, it is true, many problems to be solved and great difficulties to be overcome before the continent of the Pacific can hope to realize the ideals of its people; but the Australians of to-day have not forgotten that even now they have as large a population as America could boast when first its federal capital was designed, and they hope that before the close of the century their population may rival that of America at the close of its first century.

There is another point of view, indeed, from which the erection of such a capital as the one on which the people of Australia are expending so much thought and money may be looked at, but it is one which as yet they hardly comprehend. Up to this time the political life of Australia has been, at least comparatively speaking, a clean one: will the concentration of its politics within the bounds of an artificial capital, wholly given up to political activities, help to keep it clean? The experience of other countries may be appealed to, and the answer, it may be feared, will not be hard to read. It may be easy for federal Australia to create a capital that will represent in every material respect the most modern ideas of convenience, of beauty, and even of architectural splendor; the result will be a failure, indeed, if in doing this it should also create a federal centre for political scheming and corruption. Should such prove to be the case, as experience in other parts of the world would seem to declare only too likely, the time may come when the people both of Sydney and Melbourne will regret the small and childish jealousy that made them insist on substituting an artificial centre for a natural one in which the political life of their commonwealth would at least have had the safeguard of a great publicity.

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THE HERETICAL ENGLISHMAN

CARL S. HANSEN

I WONDER if it isn't about time to have done with our stock, complacent, provincial notion that the Englishman is a clam? Perhaps there was a time when the Briton was shy, reserved, unemotional, and exhibited other qualities characteristic of the modest bivalve; but I greatly doubt it. I do not affirm that, in a soil so rich in individuals, there cannot be found ten thousand Englishmen as nearly like clams as anything in a fish-dinner broth; but the real Englishman is more correctly likened to a Suffragette.

Let me give an every-day picture of the people:

On last May Day, Mr. Pooley, a dumpy man in flowing whiskers, soft baggy clothes, and silk hat, gave his usual Sunday evening talk from his van, in Hyde Park, on the subject of the "Hunger Marchers," which is a movement for the unemployed started by him some fifteen years ago. Gathered about him was a motley crowd wearing green caps, top hats, battered hats—the washed and the unwashed. A number of hoodlums didn't agree with Pooley, and especially did a boy, *æt.* possibly eighteen, vociferously clamor to be allowed to prove Pooley a liar. If it had been in New York, where men are sensitive about the word "liar," there would have been a riot; but in London, where the constant occupation of everybody is to differ with everybody else, you use the word every day and continue talking—if you can.

The only Pooley, he of the slack clothes, the flowing beard, and the silk hat, couldn't. Half the crowd roared with the hoodlums, "Give the Boy a chance! The Boy!" while the other half vociferated individual amendments. Pooley could easily have secured order by appealing to the police, who in London are as thick as 'busses; but that isn't the English way. Pooley tried to reign supreme, and the crowd continued to call "Boy! Boy!" After twenty minutes of confusion, the unexpected—or, at least, the unexpected to any but an Englishman—happened. Pooley yielded, called the boy up on his own van, and allowed

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him to abuse him to his heart's content, call him liar, thief, rogue, and ass.

The whole occurrence was purely English. Every man in the crowd had a voice and used it, either for or against the "Boy." No one kept quiet. No one does keep quiet. The Englishman is the most unquiet man in the world. Whenever he has an opinion to express—and he has them at the rate of nine a minute—he simply will be heard. No matter where he may be, or how solitary in an opposing crowd, a thousand voices to his one cannot abash his intense individualism. I have known a meeting to be run by *one* objector, despite a universal effort to shut him up! The "Boy" is Young England, Pooley is Old England, and the crowd is All England.

I said that the only Pooley wears a silk hat and loose striped clothes, through which the wind blows despite his stoutness. You may think Pooley acts the clown, but he doesn't. He wears that outfit just because he likes it; and you will find Londoners striding the Strand, every day, in garb just as picturesque as Pooley's. I'm not saying it isn't proper, but merely that the Englishman wears what he pleases, because he pleases. He is unorthodox in almost everything under the sun—unless he is a clam, an exceptional already noted. Silk hat and red tie, blue tie, no tie at all, silk hat and black clothes, ginger-brown clothes, ragged clothes, Pooley clothes, if you please, or knickerbockers if you like. The rule is suit yourself. A few professional men set a more conventional standard—and the rest of the profession violate it. You will find more varieties of man-dress in London in one day than in a whole sartorial decade in America.

And, like the Pooley crowd, every Englishman says what he pleases, and nobody troubles anybody for what he says. You may say what you please—so long as you keep moving; for where space is so limited it is a crime to stand still. Hence, when you have yelled yourself black in the face against the established order of things, you are more likely to be arrested for obstructing the streets than for your dangerous doctrine. I have heard mobs shriek "Down with the House of L-o-r-d-s!" at Parliament Square, when the Budget wasn't going to be passed, and have seen Anarchists—English Anarchists, looking like ordi-

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nary Englishmen—wave their arms and shriek like fiends as the Lords themselves came out. And all the police did was to ask the crowd civilly to keep moving!

The Englishman reserved! The recent political campaign would have shaken the strongest American nerves. Occasionally a man "butts in" on a speaker in New York, Boston, or San Francisco; but if he does it a second time, the police eject him. In England the audience does half the talking. I refer you to the Pooley gathering. Anyone who pleases "heckles" the speaker, who usually likes the interruption. It gives him a chance to catch his breath, also to display his wit; for the English speaker is witty—you'll admit the conditions make it a necessity—and will spontaneously crack enough jokes at his heckler's expense, in one night, to fill an American funny column. I know it is unusual to say the Englishman has a sense of humor, and I say it in the loneliness of my conviction, for we have denied it so often that even some of the English believe us. But the Englishman really has a flashing wit, a habit of looking for the unexpected, that is gruesomely suggestive of the professional humorist. Justice Darling's court-room, for example, is as good—and as bad—at times, as a music hall. Punning, to go no further, is a national vice, and the man who makes puns is not likely to overlook a chance for better humor when it comes his way.

So I say the Englishman "heckles" everybody; and he is so intensely opinionated that I wonder he keeps quiet in church. There is at least one church where he doesn't. That is the "Adult Movement," run somewhat on the plan of the Pooley meeting, where the men are all kings and not clams. Not a single one of the scores of thousands of participants in this movement can be called a conservative, no matter how you twist the word. The movement is growing by leaps and bounds and is patronized by men of all ages and indiscretions, who never dream of going to church. It fits in nicely with the English genius for dissent and discussion; and Jews, Catholics, Unitarians, and Atheists attend and agree to differ.

It is this aspect of the Englishman, as the lively, restless, witty, serious, opinionated man, that staggers the American on better

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acquaintance. For we have been fed on the scribblings of globe-trotters "doing" London in three days, globe-trotters noting mere survivals, such as Lord Mayor shows, until we have come to regard the Englishman as hopelessly conventional. And if we do not crassly call him a clam, or dub his metropolis as "a city of undertakers," as did George Ade, who lived there as long as thirty-six hours, and so of course knew, we use the euphemism "conservative" with a pitying shrug as if there were nothing more to be said.

Now, curiously enough, the Englishman *is* conservative,—from the American point of view. Material production has been so long our absorbing passion that it has become almost our national viewpoint. In the West, we build cities-while-you-wait—good cities, at that—with incandescent lights, telephones, and modern plumbing. And so, when you find scarcely a house in London (except among the very well-to-do) equipped with a telephone, and when in the "American Colony" around Russell Square you find house after house innocent alike of stationary washstand and of bath (although for the latter the Romans bequeathed to Londoners a model, centuries ago, which is still to be seen at Strand Lane), you say, "How slow!" And when the Londoner brags of his new electric service, just being introduced, your service, if you please, which all your little towns, from East to West, have had for a dozen years—and boasts of his improved "tubes"—bored and equipped by your brains and your methods of a dozen years ago—again you smile, and say, "How very slow!"

It gives one a curious expansive feeling to wander through the streets of London and see the American department stores scattered everywhere—some of them almost as big as a second-rate Philadelphia department store—and to see, in window after window, one American idea after another: American safety razors, American clocks, American typewriters, American organs, American motor cars, American phonographs, American bioscopes, and even—yes, it is true!—American styles in clothes, boldly proclaimed as such, for English wear. Then you gasp and wonder if the Englishman has any originality whatever outside his tasty tea-shops with their very pretty girl waiters.

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It is incontestable; the American Invasion of England is almost complete. In business methods, in machinery, in novelties, and in devices we are steadily changing England. What is "Made in Germany" is but a trifle compared to what is "Done in America." Already there is a feeble attempt at imitating American "ices," and I predict that in five years every Englishman will know an American toothpick.

The viewpoint of the American, as I said, is always toward the thing he can do best—the thing which circumstances have forced upon his consideration—machinery, organization, speed, industry; and he judges the Englishman from the standpoint of his own passion for production. Of five American heroes, Franklin, Lincoln, Whitman, Twain, and Edison, startling as it may seem, Edison is most typically American. His wizardry of hand and mind in constructive work is our most typical contribution to civilization, so far. It is in Edison as a pioneer, the inventor, the worker, the man who does things, that we find our national genius most happily and completely expressed. It is the Edison in us all—the American urge for the breaking down of barriers, the building of cities, the harnessing of waterfalls—that gives us our note of breezy optimism. The soul of the nation has gone into the making of a good house for our occupancy until we shall have time for something better. So when we invade England with our machinery and our methods of organization, we take her our best; and it is by the critical faculty developed within us by the making of that best that we judge England to be slow and find her "lifts" archaic, her streets crooked, her buildings stunted. We attribute these things, not to the fact that it takes longer to destroy the old than to create the new, but rather to a natural, ingrained conservatism.

But we overlook a few trifles. While the British Home Office is using our American typewriters, American Senators are quoting Herbert Spencer. While we flood the English market with cheap alarm clocks, English dissent from our orthodox drama is flooding us. We teach the Englishman the luxury of a Pullman diner, and he storms us with our need of a more consistent democracy. If you have a pet opinion, dead or alive, just look up its pedigree. For the past hundred years heresies, re-

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ligious and sociological, have been pouring into the United States, and the process is still going on. Even the Englishman himself does not realize how completely his specialties—heresy, individuality—have invaded us; for he is so busy formulating new doctrines, day after day, that he has no time for comparative study; and heresy is the Englishman's best.

No, the Englishman is not asleep, as you can learn for yourself if you will refrain from rushing off to Paris, and remain in his streets a week. While we were inventing the Century Limited, the Englishman invented the Suffragette. While we talked about the tariff, England discussed Socialism. While we are thinking about controlling the trusts, England has municipalized them. While we prate of democracy, England is achieving it. We invade her with dollar watches, adding machines, and cash registers, and she invades us with Kiplings, Wellses, and Chestertons. We build libraries and she fills them. We throw mighty buildings up against the sky, bold and beautiful as Egyptian obelisks, while the Englishman grimly grapples with the giant problems of poverty, social diseases, and a higher liberty. You may not like the Suffragette, but that is not the point. The product of the Englishman's brain, his national genius, is liberty and dissent.

It is only the bubbling superficiality of the hasty traveller that finds London slow. Intellectually speaking, and in the best sense of non-conformity, London is the liveliest spot in the Anglo-Saxon world. Beside her, New York is as last century. It is London that is our heterodox centre. Take from England the American contribution of invention and organization, and England would die materially; take from America the flood of fresh democratic ideas daily sent out from England, and America would become as orthodox as China.

There you have the keynote of the British character—an affirmation: one might almost add, an anarchism, for the Englishman is so stubbornly himself that he is not given to staying long with established opinion. The true contribution of the Englishman to progress, despite his established Church, is dis-establishment.

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THE KALLYOPE YELL

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

[*Loudly and rapidly with a leader, College yell fashion*]

I

Proud men
Eternally
Go about,
Slander me,
Call me the " Calliope."
Sizz . . . . .
Fizz . . . . .

II

I am the Gutter Dream,
Tune-maker, born of steam,
Tooting joy, tooting hope.
I am the Kallyope,
Car called the Kallyope.
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
See the flags: snow-white tent,
See the bear and elephant,
See the monkey jump the rope,
Listen to the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Soul of the rhinoceros
And the hippopotamus
(Listen to the lion roar!)
Jaguar, cockatoot,
Loons, owls,
Hoot, Hoot.
Listen to the lion roar,
Listen to the lion roar,
Listen to the lion R-O-A-R!
Hear the leopard cry for gore,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!

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Hail the bloody Indian band,
Hail, all hail the popcorn stand,
Hail to Barnum's picture there,
People's idol everywhere,
Whoop, whoop, whoop, WHOOP!
Music of the mob am I,
Circus day's tremendous cry:—
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Sizz, fizz . . . . .

III

Born of mobs, born of steam,
Listen to my golden dream,
Listen to my golden dream,
Listen to my G-O-L-D-E-N D-R-E-A-M!
Whoop whoop whoop whoop WHOOP!
I will blow the proud folk low,
Humanize the dour and slow,
I will shake the proud folk down,
(Listen to the lion roar!)
Popcorn crowds shall rule the town—
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Steam shall work melodiously,
Brotherhood increase.
You'll see the world and all it holds
For fifty cents apiece.
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Every day a circus day.

What?

Well, *almost* every day.
Nevermore the sweater's den,
Nevermore the prison pen.
Gone the war on land and sea
That aforetime troubled men.
Nations all in amity,

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Happy in their plumes arrayed
In the long bright street parade.
Bands a-playing every day.

What?

Well, *almost* every day.
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Hoot, toot, hoot, toot,
Whoop whoop whoop whoop,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Sizz, fizz . . . . .

IV

Every soul
Resident
In the earth's one circus tent!
Every man a trapeze king
Then a pleased spectator there.
On the benches! In the ring!
While the neighbors gawk and stare
And the cheering rolls along.
Almost every day a race
When the merry starting gong
Rings, each chariot on the line,
Every driver fit and fine
With the steel-spring Roman grace.
Almost every day a dream,
Almost every day a dream.
Every girl,
Maid or wife,
Wild with music,
Eyes a-gleam
With that marvel called desire:
Actress, princess, fit for life,
Armed with honor like a knife,
Jumping thro' the hoops of fire.
(Listen to the lion roar!)

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Making all the children shout
Clowns shall tumble all about,
Painted high and full of song
While the cheering rolls along,
Tho' they scream,
Tho' they rage,
Every beast
In his cage,
Every beast
In his den
That aforetime troubled men.

V

I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope,
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope;
Shaking window-pane and door
With a crashing cosmic tune,
With the war-cry of the spheres,
Rhythm of the roar of noon,
Rhythm of Niagara's roar,
Voicing planet, star and moon,
SHRIEKING of the better years.
Prophet-singers will arise,
Prophets coming after me,
Sing my song in softer guise
With more delicate surprise;
I am but the pioneer
Voice of the Democracy;
I am the gutter-dream,
I am the golden dream,
Singing science, singing steam.
I will blow the proud folk down,
(Listen to the lion roar!)
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope,
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Hoot, toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,

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Whoop whoop, whoop whoop,
Whoop whoop, whoop whoop,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Sizz . . . . .
Fizz . . . . .

BIRTH

Two Motifs

FRANCES GREGG

I

INCHOATE, vague, unformed,
For many months a weltering horror,
Monstrous in shape,
A blind brain,
A gruesome mechanism,
This, the Child!
And the Mother?
Stretched on Life's rack,
Her body distorted,
Grotesque, horrible, and full of pain,
She waits her hour of supreme torture.
Did reason dictate this?
Was this open-eyed choice?
Why are her dreams scattered like chaff upon the wind?
This is the unspoken:
Nature has worked her will,—
Out of the Man, a seed for her vineyard,
Out of the Woman, a young vine.
The Mother's time is upon her.
Amid jagged shrieks, a thin cry,
"Ego!"
The Universe is recreated.

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II

[*The Separation of the Child-Soul from that of the Mother*]

THIS thing is strange, unknown, and terror grips me.
A thin and knife-like pain is creeping thro' me,
A flame consumes me!
Ah, the racking pain!
I have been enfolded, there has been nourishment,
O Mother!
I have felt no want, my hands have only lightly groped
Against the soft, sweet gloom,
The tender darkness of my home;
Now I am bound
By the too dear encircling of your arms,
And the shadow of your hair lies dark upon me.
O Mother,
What new birth is this upon us?
My eyes are torn with light!
Will souls be born?
Yet I would strangle souls
And all clear beauty,
And take the shelter of your arms,
And your soft, dim, shadowed beauty,
For that false God, called "Pity,"
Bids me stay and languish in a sweet regret.
Ah, I am torn:
O Mother,
Do not hold me, the thing must be,
For I have seen the light, and am drawn upward:
Standing on the pinnacle, I see
World on world of flame,
And bright hosts of light and air ascending—
Again you give your life,
O Mother!

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MEN OF MARK *

Alvin Langdon Coburn

IT was in the spring of 1904 that I had what was to me a very memorable interview, with Perriton Maxwell, who was then the editor of *The Metropolitan Magazine* of New York. I was an ambitious young man of twenty-one on the point of sailing for a second visit to London, and I asked Mr. Maxwell for a list of authors and artists to photograph during my visit to the greatest city in the world. He out of the kindness of his heart, or perhaps more to get rid of me than anything else, wrote me out a list of the most prominent people he could call to mind, and he has since confessed to me that he had not the slightest idea that I would ever get any of them. I had, however, inherited from both my parents a persistence and a determination to carry anything once attempted to a conclusion, also good fortune has been with me, for now I believe I have completed the list he gave me, with one or two exceptions, and I have added many illustrious names.

The first letter I wrote on coming to England that summer was to Bernard Shaw. I sent it to his London address, but he was at his country home at Welwyn, and he replied that he was hard at work on a new play and did not want to come to town if he could help it, but if I would come down I could photograph him to my heart's content. Further he wrote: " If it will save your carrying a lot of traps, I can place at your disposal some odds and ends of apparatus which are in a very incomplete condition, as I have only just moved into this house, and I have not attempted to equip it completely for photographing. But the bathroom can be used as a makeshift dark room to change plates or develop a trial exposure. I have a 10 x 8 camera that will stretch to 30" and a half plate camera that will stretch nearly to 20". I have an astigmat (Dallmeyer's Stigmatic F.6) that will cover a half plate and a Dallmeyer portrait lens that will cover the side of a house." I wrote to him, however, that I would prefer

* Mr. Coburn's complete book, with thirty-three remarkable photogravures, will be published in America and England next month.

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my own camera as I was accustomed to it. Further on in his letter he continued: "The rooms here are whitewashed and fairly lighted; but I have not yet found out what exposure they will respond to." It will thus be seen that Mr. Shaw is a photographer; not a button-pressing-snap-shotter, which almost everyone is these days, but a serious photographer who uses a camera with a tripod and ground glass, and a Dallmeyer lens that covers the side of a house!

Mr. Shaw had seen some of my photographs reproduced in an American publication, so that I was not entirely unknown to him, but his friendly courtesy to a comparative stranger was a typical example of his generosity. He even gave me an almost unlimited choice of days to come and photograph him, and as I was at that time not familiar with English customs, I chose the August Bank Holiday for my journey, and there were no available conveyances as a consequence; but Mr. Shaw met me at the station armed with a long staff which we put through the handle of my camera case and each taking hold of an end we brought it to his house. Thus began a friendship which has been one of the pleasantest features of my life in London.

It was two years later that Mr. Shaw contributed his famous preface to the catalogue of my exhibition at the Royal Photographic Society, in which he described the portrait of Mr. Chesterton as "our Quinbus Flestrian, the young man mountain, a large, abounding, gigantically cherubic person who is not only large in body and mind beyond all decency, but seems to be growing larger as you look at him—'swellin' visibly' as Tony Weller puts it. Mr. Coburn has represented him as swelling off the plate in the very act of being photographed."

The portrait of Chesterton was the second of this series to be made. Almost everyone was out of town that summer, as it was hot and sultry, and the fine rich green of the English countryside was very refreshing. Chesterton was staying at Westerham in Kent, and in reply to my letter he said that if I would let him know which train I would come by, he would meet me at the station; but on my arrival I found the platform deserted except for the boy asleep in the bookstall. As far as I can remember I was the only person to alight from the train.

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I strolled through the station and out into the road, but still no sign of the object of my quest. A dusty road stretched away into the distance and as I had no idea of the direction in which to proceed, I sat down on my camera in the shade of the station and waited. Presently I perceived a cloud of dust in the distance and as it approached, out of it emerged, like the genie in the *Arabian Nights*, a large man in a suit of green knickerbockers, who could be no other than the great G. K. C. himself.

As his house was far away on the top of a distant hill, and as my camera was heavy, he proposed that we should adjourn to a near-by field, which we forthwith did, and under a tree I photographed him while he wrote an article for *The Daily News* on cabbages. Chesterton has a theory that a man should be able to insert a paper-knife between the leaves of a dictionary, and write an essay on the first word his eye chances upon. He has said of his friend Mr. Shaw that the only time he knew him to be more eloquent than when he was talking on a subject with which he was perfectly familiar, was when he was talking on a subject he knew nothing about! The same might perhaps be said of Mr. Chesterton himself, for I doubt if he knew very much of cabbage culture, yet the article was so interesting that I, who carried it back to London and delivered it to *The Daily News*, and as a reward was permitted to read it, forgot to get out of the train when it came to its final stop at Charing Cross. It was written, I remember, on the backs of vivid yellow excursion announcements that we found in the station, and with my fountain pen. It is thus that literary masterpieces are created.

The next person I wrote to was Andrew Lang, from whom I received the following characteristic reply dated from St. Andrews, July 26, 1904: "Dear Sir,—I fear the telephotographic process which would enable you to photograph me has not yet been perfected. Sincerely yours, A. Lang." I wrote to him by return that as I had crossed the Atlantic with the express object of making photographs of himself and his literary and artistic contemporaries, the slight additional distance of 420 miles seemed a mere trifle to me; therefore a day was appointed. I was gone from London four days in all, one day for the journey up to St. Andrews and then the next morning, refreshed by a

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night's rest, I made the photographs, and the afternoon Mr. Lang devoted to showing me the antiquities of the place. I remember he sat on a tomb in the old churchyard, while I took photographs, and I recall a tale he told me, suggested probably by the old graves, of how long ago there used to appear strange jewellery in the antique shops, for an old churchyard had been reclaimed by the sea. He also took me through a dim library full of old tomes in numberless quantities. There is always a fine aroma about aged volumes, the incense of learning, one might call it. I often wish that I might have made my portrait of Andrew Lang in this atmosphere of books, where he spent so much of his time, instead of in his garden, but there probably would not have been sufficient light. My mental portrait of him is there, however, as I last saw him, lovingly turning the pages of a favorite author, or showing me some rare manuscript.

Frank Brangwyn I photographed in his large studio in Hammersmith. In those days of horse-propelled vehicles and before the advent of the "Underground," it was an all-day journey to Hammersmith and back from Bloomsbury where I lived. I remember how I was impressed by the power and beauty of coloring of Brangwyn's original work. Up to that time I had known only reproductions and an occasional etching. I showed him some of my photographs, which he was kind enough to be interested in. The portrait of himself, holding an old Chinese cup, was made at the first sitting. It was destined, however, that I was to know Mr. Brangwyn better, for I joined his class in painting shortly after I met him, and I passed many enjoyable hours at the school and in his studio working on " still life " subjects and compositions. When the short winter afternoons would draw to a close, and it became too dark to see color, a few chosen spirits would draw up the high painting stools about the studio stove to listen to " F. B." telling stories of his wanderings. If these tales could have been taken down in shorthand, they would be as fine as his paintings and a very fitting commentary on them. I remember one of how he bought a rug from an Arab merchant, how the gentleman with a turban and a bland smile had put a preposterous price on it, and how he had called each day, and with each call the price had come down and their

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friendship had become stronger, until at the end of a month, when he at last bought the rug for about a tenth of the original price, the merchant had bidden him good-bye with tears in his eyes. Gradually day would fade out of the studio window and the only light would come from the stove or the glow of a cigar. Brangwyn would go on to tell of a palace he once hired in Assisi for a studio, and how in the banqueting hall or the court-yard he was able to pose large groups of men and horses, or he might tell us legends of the Spanish Main, of the treasure ships and buccaneers he is so fond of painting, and we listened spell-bound until the fire burned low and it was time to go home out into the night of London streets that seemed to be more romantic than usual, colored as they were with the memories of the glowing tales we had been hearing.

One fine crisp autumn day the inspiration came to me to take a portfolio under my arm and a train for Box Hill, the home of George Meredith. I had been told that Meredith disliked the camera and friends had advised me not to attempt to photograph him, but I felt that future generations would wonder why so great a master was not among my gathering. So I went to Box Hill with prints under my arm, and a song in my heart. And my luck was with me, for on calling at the door of the little ivy-clad house where the great man lived, I was shown almost at once into his presence. I found out afterwards that I was mistaken for some one else whom he was expecting, though he was too courteous to let me see this, and when I showed him my portfolio he was kind enough to be really interested; but he said that he would rather not be photographed, and I did not press the point, for I had too much respect for the grand old man. Noticing, however, that he was particularly interested in a study of a mother and child that I had made, I sent it to him on my return to London and received in reply a letter in his own hand saying: "You heap live coals on my head. I must be grateful, but your beautiful and undeserved present distresses me the more on account of the disappointment caused to you. It would relieve me in some degree if I could be by chance of any service to you. Supposing that your poetically artistic work is not yet known on this side of the water an introduction to an editor of illustrated

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journals might help, or you might photograph my daughter—who is unlike me in being always ready to submit a pleasing countenance to the practitioner." I therefore made an appointment to go down and photograph Mrs. Sturgis, and on arriving she informed me that she had told her father that she would not sit unless he did also, and so it was that I accomplished my purpose and made the portrait so much desired.

It was in the early days of November, 1905, that I went down to Sandgate with Bernard Shaw to photograph H. G. Wells. We travelled by the morning boat train to Folkestone and Mr. Wells was on the train too, only we did not see him until we alighted at the end of our journey. It was raining slightly and we all got into a "four wheeler,"—it was before the day of "taxis,"—and thus we came presently to the house Mr. Wells had just built himself on the edge of the sea. After luncheon I photographed him and then in the dusk we three, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells and myself, took a walk, and I remember how proud I was to have the opportunity of knowing two of the keenest minds in Britain, and how I listened with all my ears to their conversation. The next day Mr. Shaw and I returned to London. In the year 1910 Mr. Wells did me the great honor of writing the introduction to my series of photographs of New York.

I was an admirer of *Towards Democracy* for a number of years before I met Edward Carpenter. Then I heard him lecture and the same evening I wrote telling him of my great desire to bring my camera to him. He replied that where he lived near Sheffield was six miles from the railway station, and that it would be impossible for me to come up, make his photograph, and return to London the same day, but that he expected to come to town the following week and would then come to me for the portrait. Thus it was that the sitting actually transpired in my little rooms in Bloomsbury, where I lived and worked when I was in London periodically from 1900 to 1909. Nearly a year later, being in his part of the world accompanied by my mother, I wrote to him and received a cordial invitation to come out to see him. We took a local train from Sheffield, and then with difficulty got a carriage to take us the last part of our

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journey. Black clouds came up and then we were in the midst of a downpour, and after what seemed an endless time we stopped at a little farmhouse. It was now quite dark, and the light in the window was very welcome, and still more Mr. Carpenter's greeting and the warm fire inside. Supper was spread and the cab-driver was asked to share the repast in true socialist style, and he turned out to be quite an interesting person. After supper Mr. Carpenter sat at the piano and improvised the most exquisite music, as mystic and full of dreams as his poetry; and as a memento of the visit he wrote in a copy of his *Days with Walt Whitman* and gave it to me. The impression of Edward Carpenter's living room and of that pleasant evening we spent with him is still so vivid that it is difficult to believe seven years have gone by.

One day at about this time Mr. Shaw said, "You must photograph Barker"; and presently I met him one day lunching at Adelphi Terrace, and an appointment was made for me to go to Clement's Inn, where Mr. Barker lived. I had seen him act as the poet in *Candida* and as Tanner in *Man and Superman,* always making you feel his intellect and refinement, even if he played a comparatively small part like General Burgoyne in *The Devil's Disciple,* his performance of which was really masterly. I was naturally very keen on making a portrait of him. He asked me to breakfast, and afterwards I spent the better part of the morning making negatives. As I then lived in Bloomsbury, Clement's Inn was not very far away, so I often went and breakfasted with him there. That was before he was a dramatist, before *Waste* was written and a number of years before he was the producer of Shakespeare and other dramatists at two London theatres, and one of the busiest men in England. Being a busy man myself now as well, we rarely meet, but I often think of those pleasant mornings in his little flat high above the Strand, overlooking St. Clement's Danes, and I wonder if he does the same.

It was in April, 1906, that Rodin made his remarkable bust of Bernard Shaw. Knowing that the sittings were going to take place, I told Mr. Shaw that I would very much like to make a photograph of Rodin, and shortly after he went to Paris I re-

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ceived a communication from him: "Come along any time you like. Rodin, seeing that I had a camera, invited me to photograph his place if I liked. I took the opportunity to press your claims; and he said, certainly. I guaranteed you a good workman."

Naturally I went over at once and at Rodin's studio at Meudon I made a number of portraits of him and also a group of Shaw and Rodin with the bust between them in process of construction, a really historic picture. After I returned to London I received a further communication from Mr. Shaw. He wrote that Rodin the day after I left had "remarked that photographers took so long to produce their results—instead of knocking them off in twelve days like a bust—that one lost interest in the sitting. He supposed it would be months and months before you sent him anything. For your next visit tintypes are clearly indicated."

I made my first portrait of Henry James in New York on the twenty-sixth of April, 1905, but the one reproduced in my volume was made at his home in Rye, over a year later. The late Richard Watson Gilder, at that time the editor of *The Century Magazine,* gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. James which I sent to him just on the eve of his departure for California. I received a pleasant letter asking me to write to him to an address in New York which he gave me, towards the end of April, and one day I received a telegram asking me to come the next morning with my camera. Mr. James was stopping with friends in one of those dignified old "brown stone fronts" that are gradually being replaced by office buildings in that part of New York between Washington Square and the Plaza. Each year makes a change, and streets which one has known are often, after a comparatively short absence, altered beyond recognition.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. James and took a number of photographs of him, and on my mentioning that I expected to return to England before very long, he very kindly invited me to come and see him in Rye. It was over a year, however, before the opportunity came for me to accept: part of the time he was away, and I made a journey to Italy and Sicily and had a

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serious illness before I went to the little town in Sussex where the grass grows up between the old-fashioned rounded paving stones of the streets. It seems to have been passed by and forgotten by the modern rush and bustle, and it was here, in the beautiful garden of the old world house, that I made the portrait of Mr. James in my volume, and also the one that is the frontispiece of the first volume of the collected edition of his works.

As I had made the photograph for the first volume it occurred to Mr. James that I might do some of the other illustrations for the edition, and so I did first one and then another until we discovered that the better part of a year had passed and that I had made the entire series of frontispieces for the twenty-four volumes! This had necessitated journeys to Paris and Italy, and innumerable delightful rambles about London in the company of the author, to Hampstead Heath, to Kensington, and also to St. John's Wood, where, getting hungry in our search for just the right picture for the second volume of *The Tragic Muse,* we stopped at a baker's shop,—the same shop, I was told by my companion, that he had known as a youth,—and went on down the street munching bath buns from a paper bag! Mr. James has immortalized our search for frontispieces in the preface of the first volume of *The Golden Bowl* in this definitive edition in such a delightful way that there is really nothing further to be said about the matter. I cannot refrain from quoting one paragraph which sums up in crystallized form, not only the essence of our pursuit of these pictures for his books, but also the production of any pictures whatsoever made by photography. He writes: "Both our limit and the very extent of our occasion however lay in the fact that, unlike wanton designers, we had not to 'create' but simply to recognize—recognize, that is, with the last fineness." Mr. James, although he is not literally a photographer, must have, I believe, sensitive plates in his brain with which to record his impressions. He always knew exactly what he wanted, and what we did was to browse diligently until we found such a subject. It was a great pleasure to collaborate in this way, and I number the days thus spent among my choicest recollections.

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It was at this time that I first met and photographed Arthur Symons. He was living at St. John's Wood and his *Studies in Seven Arts* had just appeared. I have an inscribed copy which he gave me on the day I took him his portraits. I also showed him some of my photographs of London, and gradually we came to talk of a volume to be called *London, a Book of Aspects,* which he was to write, and to which I was to contribute the pictures. This was eventually accomplished, but they did not appear together, and I very much fear they never will. The Symons' text was privately printed by my friend Mr. Edmund D. Brooks of Minneapolis, and as I read again the exquisite description of the Thames from Hungerford Bridge, I think of the night I took Mr. Symons there and rejoice that I was partly responsible for this gem of prose. We walked all the way from St. John's Wood through a thin mist which lessened as we got to the river, but which still made the distances mysterious. We leaned over the parapet of the bridge for I should say about half an hour. "The Surrey side is dark, with tall vague buildings rising out of the mud on which a little water crawls: is it the water that moves or the shadows?" is a passage that Whistler would have revelled in. "From one of the tallest chimneys a reddish smoke floats and twists like a flag" is a line that has a haunting beauty.

John S. Sargent I photographed in his studio in Chelsea. It was at the time that I was making the frontispieces for Mr. James, and knowing that they knew each other, I asked the latter for a letter of introduction. It was a very charming epistle and told that I had been laboring for him ceaselessly for months and as a recompense asked only for this letter. Needless to say it brought a favorable response, and an invitation to come with my camera on a certain morning, for who could refuse an invitation so charmingly worded as that which my good friend Mr. James wrote for me? I found Mr. Sargent most friendly and willing to help me in every way to get my result. A portrait by photography needs more elaboration between the sitter and the artist than a painted portrait, and Mr. Sargent, having had some experience in portraits himself, realized this. To make a satisfactory photograph of a person it is necessary for me to like them, to admire them, or at least to be interested in them.

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It is rather curious, and difficult to explain exactly, but if I dislike a person, it is sure to come out in the resulting portrait. The camera is all recording and very sensitive to the slightest gradation of expression of the personality before it, also the impression that I make on my sitter is as important as the effect he has on me. I make friends quickly and am interested in the mental alertness of the people I meet. You can know an artist or an author, to a certain extent, from his pictures or books before you meet him in the flesh, and I always try to acquire as much of this previous information as possible before venturing in the quest of great ones.

The profile of Charles Shannon in this series was made over six years ago. I had been attracted to him through his paintings and lithographs and then one day I saw his finely chiselled profile at a reception and I asked a friend to introduce me. Later in his large studio flooded with light and filled with the choice things of art, his own and others, a Grecian torso I remember, and rare examples of oriental art, I went to see him, and it was here, amid such fitting surroundings, that I made my photograph. Some men seem to know instinctively how to construct just the right sort of background for themselves, and this is more important for an artist, perhaps, than for most people; but everyone does it to a greater or lesser extent, consciously or unconsciously.

Theodore Roosevelt I photographed in the White House when he was President of the United States. I was told that he would see me at nine o'clock, so I arrived a quarter of an hour earlier and had my camera set up in readiness. As the clock was striking the President walked into the room, and after shaking hands I asked him how long a time he could give me? He said as long as I liked, but I knew that was just a polite way of asking me to be as quick as I could. I made five negatives in fifteen minutes and he said good-bye and went through the door to the governing of the nation. Now I ask you how else would I have been able to monopolize a quarter of an hour of the time of my nation's chief citizen? My work does this for me, it brings me into touch with personalities that have made history and lasting art. I enjoyed meeting Roosevelt thor-

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oughly. I had long admired him, as a man and as a President, studying him through the medium of the press, but to meet him face to face was different.

In January, 1908, I made five of the portraits in my list. William Orpen was the first, and I liked him from the moment I first was met by his smiling face when I came to his studio. He was working I could see on a splendid still life of a globe, with, I think, a piece of lace over it, but he put his brushes aside and patiently posed for me for the better part of a morning, and we talked of art and of literature and it came out that he knew Yeats and Moore and was going to Dublin at the end of the month, and if I would go with him he would see if he could get them to sit for me. It was one of the most delightfully impromptu arrangements, but then that is Orpen's way, and we decided on the spot the train we should go by and the date of our departure. In the meantime I made the picture of Max Beerbohm, and I recall in connection with it that I could not seem to get the lines of the door upright on the ground glass of my camera, and how on looking closely I found that it was because the house was an old one and the lines of the door itself converged slightly. I could not seem to express "Max" as a head, as is my usual custom. I seemed to need more of him, the pose of his figure impressed me as being so characteristic.

A few days later I met Belloc. He came dashing up in a taxi fresh from a debate in the House of Commons, with a pocket full of papers and a head full of ideas. He talked to me of many things, made pleasant comments on some of my pictures that I showed him, and then whisked away in the cab which he had kept ticking at the door. I have heard that he can dictate a three hundred page novel in a week. Altogether a most extraordinary man. When the prints were done he asked me to tea at the House, and it was a novel experience to sit on the terrace along the river, with the great stone towers and turrets rising up behind, in such a distinguished company. It was shortly after this that he wrote the introduction to my first volume of photogravures, *London*.

Then I met Orpen at the train and we went over to Dublin together. The crossing was rather a rough one and I lay on my

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back in a state-room feeling rather miserable, but the next day I was quite myself again and I was so pleased when Orpen told me we were to go to George Moore's to dinner. During the meal there was much talk between Orpen and Moore, with myself listening conscientiously, for I am not a conversationalist, but after the coffee I opened my portfolio and Mr. Moore consented to be photographed on the morrow. He said that he had made a solemn resolution never to do two things: be photographed, or make a speech at a dinner, but now that he had broken his resolve upon one point he would probably on the other as well. I was very glad of his consent, for I am a great admirer of his prose, and the next morning I spent in making a number of negatives.

The same night I was invited to a dinner given by Lady Gregory to Hugh Lane in honor of the opening of his Dublin Art Gallery and at the dinner I sat directly across the table from W. B. Yeats, and thus I had an opportunity of studying him. After dinner he recited one of his own poems and it occurred to me how few people would have been able to do this. He seemed hardly conscious of the people as he spoke. What he did would have been a pose in anyone else, but with him it was quite natural. After dinner I was introduced, and the next morning was appointed for the sitting. I remembered how he had looked reciting at the dinner table, and I asked him if he would do so again while I photographed him. Without any hesitation he began on some beautiful lines, while I flared a magnesium flash-light at intervals. I always try to meet each new problem in portraiture as it comes to me, and to solve it as best I may, and this seemed the most fitting way of getting the effect of speaking into the portrait of Yeats. A motion picture would perhaps have been better. I have often thought I would experiment in this direction. How interesting it would be if I had cinematograph films of all the men in my volume! Then from such a number of negatives one or more could be selected for printing.

Upon my return to London my next sitter was William Nicholson. I met him at a fancy dress ball in a costume that had belonged to his grandfather, and it was in this Georgian

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dress that he sat for the portait, which I must admit has always given me considerable satisfaction. It was a great pleasure to photograph Nicholson in his high windowed studio. An artist to his finger tips, his collaboration was perfect, and his keen intelligent interest made the making of his portrait an artistic adventure.

This same year I also made my portrait of William De Morgan. He lived at that charming bit of old Chelsea, "The Vale," leading off King's Road, now, alas, no more. It was like being in the country with grass and trees and birds, and I made the portraits in the garden. The distant rumble of traffic was all that told you that you were within many miles of a great city. It made a perfect background for the author of *Alice for Short,* and I lingered on and talked through a drowsy summer afternoon, and was shown exquisite examples of glazes, for, as most people know, De Morgan was a potter before he became quite by chance an author in the autumn of his life.

Another of my innumerable transatlantic voyages transpired at this time and in December, 1908, my friend Dr. Archibald Henderson wrote to me that he had been invited to visit "Mark Twain" at his new home in Stormfield and that I was included in the invitation. He came up to New York from the University of North Carolina, where he is Professor of Mathematics, and together we went on to Connecticut. What a peaceful place it was, with a suggestion of Italy about it that even the snow could not wholly take away. There was a legend that Mr. Clemens had not seen the house until it was entirely finished "and the cat purring on the hearthrug." The great fireplace was a delight, particularly after a tramp in the winter air, and in the afternoon there were "hearts" and billiards to be played, and it was understood that our good host, clad in white, was to be allowed to win in all of these contests, by just the narrowest possible margin! His boyish enthusiasm over his conquest was quite a joy to witness. Mr. Clemens enjoyed being photographed, and I must have made thirty or forty negatives during this visit, many of which appeared in Dr. Henderson's book. Under one of my pictures Mr. Clemens wrote: "This is the best yet, Mark Twain." I had the honor and pleasure of knowing him some

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years previously when he lived on Fifth Avenue, but this visit to his home brought me in closer touch than would otherwise have been possible with one of our greatest and most typical Americans.

John Galsworthy and J. M. Barrie I photographed on the same day. It was at the time of Frohman's Repertory Theatre in London, and the plays of these two dramatists, together with those of Shaw and Barker, were the attraction of this season. Mr. William Archer was writing an article for *McClure's Magazine* and he wanted a group of these four as an illustration, but the difficulty of getting them together seemed almost impossible. At last I appealed to Mr. Shaw and he invited them all to lunch and afterwards I was able to make the historic group, and also some individual portraits.

London, always an interesting place, was particularly so this season in the theatrical world, for it was then that Herbert Trench produced Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* at the Haymarket Theatre, one poet producing the work of another. Mr. Trench came to my studio on the river at Hammersmith where I have spent so many happy days. Being a modern poet he came to see me on a motor-cycle and as it was a rainy day there were spots of mud on his collar, and delighted by the chance of getting rid of so much whiteness, for the high starched collar is the despair of the artist-photographer, I produced a black silk scarf and made the portrait to my great satisfaction.

Back again to my native land, and in November, 1910, I photographed W. D. Howells, and it is due to his kindly suggestion that I undertook to write this introduction to my portraits, that I have spent so much of my life in making. I asked Mr. Howells' advice as to a preface to my volume, rather hoping he might be persuaded to do it himself, but he said "there is no one more fitted than you are to do it." Up to this time I had never really thought about doing it myself, but the more I turned it over in my mind, the more I was impressed that perhaps he was right, for after all it was my "life work" and why should it not be wholly mine? He further encouraged me by saying that writing was easy if you had something to write about. He was quite right! I have found not the slightest

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difficulty in chatting on about my encounters and adventures with these interesting people of our time.

It was through my friendship with Max Weber and my interest in his work, that I first came in touch with that group of artists styled in England the Post-Impressionists. Weber has a freshness of viewpoint, and a sincerity, that gives his work a unique quality. He is fond of studying the art of primitive peoples, as he finds in it a kindred spirit. He would be out of place in this modern age if it were not really so sophisticated and in need of just the note of simplicity that he and his colleagues are giving it in the face of misunderstanding and even ridicule. Weber has a sense of design that never fails him, and what is quite as important, a beauty of color vision; therefore, however revolutionary his ideas may be, he cannot help producing pictures that have a permanent and lasting charm.

There is a gap of nearly two years between the portrait of Max Weber and that of Clarence H. White. Clarence White is one of the most accomplished artists that America has produced, and, as a fellow-worker in the medium of photography, it gives me great pleasure to include him in my volume. I first photographed him in 1903, but the one that I am reproducing was made quite recently. Through his teaching, and the subtlety and refinement of his art, he has gathered about him a group of enthusiasts who are making photography respected wherever their work is shown.

White has a very unselfish and lovable personality, with which he is able to imbue his work, and which makes his friendship appreciated by those who know him best.

John Masefield I had been reading in California. In Los Angeles I met that prince of booksellers, Mr. C. C. Parker, who of course had most of his books. Mr. Parker likes to tell the story of how his order for one of Masefield's books was once larger than the whole American edition! If Mr. Parker likes a book he sells it to people. You go to his shop and you get what is good for you. I had read *A Tarpaulin Muster* some years before, but I got thoroughly started reading Masefield in Los Angeles, and so the first thing I did on my return to London

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was to get an introduction to him from Granville Barker, for I knew that they were friends.

I had thought of using *Men of Genius* as the title for my book, but Arnold Bennett objected seriously, saying, very modestly, that he did not consider himself a man of genius, but merely a working author, and absolutely refusing to join the throng, unless I changed the title, so I told him that if he would give me a better one I would use it. *Men of Mark* is his alternative and I want to take this occasion to thank him for this, which is but one of his kindnesses to me.

I photographed Roger Fry and Robert Bridges on the same day, and the one of the artist is the one reproduced, but the one of the poet did not satisfy me, and so I journeyed up to Oxford to make another, the profile with which I had thought to end the collection; but a journey to Paris gave me the opportunity of meeting and photographing Henri Matisse and I was glad to include the portrait of so able and interesting an artist.

It is difficult to write history while you are living it, and I am getting so close to to-day in these last five portraits that I cannot get the proper perspective to write about them, as perhaps I may be able to do in ten years' time.

I feel that I have done a very worthy work in handing down to future generations in the permanent process of photogravure the portraits of a group of eminent men of my own time. I have not attempted to do anything startling or eccentric in the way of portrayals, but I have studied my men and their works with enthusiasm, and in each instance I have tried to catch and record the illusive something that differentiates a man of talent from his fellows and makes life worth while, worth struggling with towards ever greater understanding.

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FOR THOSE DEAR DEAD

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN

NOW those dear dead, whom we misprized,
Their meek and late revenges take;
So tenderly our bosoms ache
For sad, remembered smile of theirs;
While others sleep, full long we wake,
And in our thoughts, and in our prayers,
So sweetly are they canonized!

Who has not some lay saint, to dwell
Within a little household shrine,
Decked out with memories, as fine
As gilded Virgin in her niche,
And hung with rosaries of prayer—
Ah! he is poor where I am rich,
And doubly orphaned, I could swear!

Now life's deep cup is well-nigh quaffed,
To those who poured it, how repay
The wondrous debt? Full early they
Have put it by, and gone their way,
With yearning farewell looks, that sting
Like myrrh, or some such precious thing,
To the last drops of that rich draught.

Still to be mindful of the dust
We spring from; the mute, patient clod
Whose speech we are—whose motion—breath—
Last hold on sense, surcease from death:
To raise up buried dreams, abate
Old longings dumbly passionate—
This be our heritage and trust!

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ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

III

Walking into Kansas

IT has been raining quite a little. The roads are so muddy I have to walk the ties. Keeping company with the railroad is almost a habit. While this shower passes I write in the station at Stillwell, Kansas.

JUNE 14, 1912. I have crossed the mystic border. I have left Earth. I have entered Wonderland. Though I am still east of the geographical centre of the United States, in every spiritual sense I am in the West. This morning I passed the stone mile-post that marks the beginning of Kansas.

I went over the border and encountered—what do you think? Wild strawberries! Lo, where the Farmer had cut the weeds between the road and the fence, the gentle fruits revealed themselves, growing in the shadow down between the still-standing weeds. They shine out in a red line that stretches on and on, and a man has to resolve to stop eating several times. Just as he thinks he has conquered desire the line gets dazzlingly red again.

The berries grow at the end of a slender stalk, clustered six in a bunch. One gathers them by the stems, in bouquets, as it were, and eats off the fruit like taffy off a stick.

I was gathering buckets of cherries for a farmer's wife yesterday. This morning after the strawberries had mitigated I encountered a bush of raspberries, and then hedges on hedges of mulberries both white and red. The white mulberries are the sweetest. If this is the wild West, give me more. There are many varieties of trees, and they are thick as in the East. The people seem to grow more cordial. I was eating mulberries outside the yard of a villager. He asked me in where the eating

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was better. And then he told me the town scandal, while I had my dessert.

A day or so ago I hoed corn all morning for my dinner. This I did cheerfully, considering I had been given a good breakfast at that farm for nothing. I feel that two good meals are worth about a morning's work anyway. And then I had company. The elderly owner of the place hoed along with me. He saved the country, by preaching to me the old fashioned high tariff gospel, and I saved it by preaching to him the new fashioned Gospel of Beauty. Meanwhile the corn was hoed. Then we went in and ate the grandest of dinners. That house was notable for having on its walls really artistic pictures, not merely respectable pictures, nor yet seed-catalogue advertisements.

That night, in passing through a village, I glimpsed a man washing his dishes in the rear of a blacksmith shop. I said to myself: "Ah ha! Somebody keeping bach."

I knew I was welcome. There is no fear of the stranger in such a place, for there are no ladies to reassure or propitiate. Permission to sleep on the floor was granted as soon as asked. I spread out *The Kansas City Star,* which is a clean sheet, put my verses under my head for a pillow and was content. Next morning the sun was in my eyes. There was the odor of good fried bacon in the air.

"Git up and eat a snack, pardner," said my friend the blacksmith. And he told me the story of his life while I ate.

I had an amusing experience at the town of Belton. I had given an entertainment at the hotel on the promise of a night's lodging. I slept late. Over my transom came the breakfast-table talk. "That was a hot entertainment that young bum gave us last night," said one man. "He ought to get to work, the dirty lazy loafer," said another.

The schoolmaster spoke up in an effort not to condescend to his audience: "He is evidently a fraud. I talked to him a long time after the entertainment. The pieces he recited were certainly not his own. I have read some of them somewhere. It is too easy a way to get along, especially when the man is as able to work as this one. Of course in the old days literary men used to be obliged to do such things. But it isn't at all neces-

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sary in the Twentieth Century. Real poets are highly paid." Another spoke up: "I don't mind a fake, but he is a rotten reciter, anyhow. If he had said one more I would have just walked right out. You noticed ol' Mis' Smith went home after that piece about the worms." Then came the landlord's voice: "After the show was over I came pretty near not letting him have his room. All I've got to say is he don't get any breakfast."

I dressed, opened the doorway serenely, and strolled past the table, smiling with all the ease of a minister at his own church-social. In my most ornate manner I thanked the landlord and landlady for their extreme kindness. I assumed that not one of the gentlefolk had intended to have me hear their analysis. 'Twas a grand exit. Yet, in plain language, these people "got my goat." I have struggled with myself all morning, almost on the point of ordering a marked copy of a magazine sent to that smart schoolmaster. *"Evidently a fraud!"* Indeed!

"Goin' Wes' harvesin'?"

"Yes, yes. I think I will harvest when I get to Great Bend."

JUNE 18, 1912. Approaching Emporia. I am sitting in the hot sun by the Santa Fé tracks, after two days of walking those tracks in the rain. I am near a queer little Mexican house built of old railroad ties.

I had had two sticks of candy begged from a grocer for breakfast. I was keeping warm by walking fast. Because of the muddy roads and the sheets of rain coming down it was impossible to leave the tracks. It was almost impossible to make speed since the ballast underfoot was almost all of it big rattling broken stone. I had walked that Santa Fé railroad a day and a half in the drizzle and downpour. It was a little past noon, and my scanty inner fuel was almost used up. I dared not stop a minute now, lest I catch cold. There was no station in sight ahead. When the mists lifted I saw that the tracks went on and on, straight west to the crack of doom, not even a water-tank in sight. The mists came down, then lifted once more, and, as though I were Childe Roland, I suddenly saw a shack to the right, in dimensions about seven feet each way. It was mostly

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stove-pipe, and that pipe was pouring out enough smoke to make three of Aladdin's Jinns. I presume some one heard me whistling. The little door opened. Two heads popped out, "Come in, you slab-sided hobo," they yelled affectionately. "Come in and get dry." And so my heart was made suddenly light after a day and a half of hard whistling.

At the inside end of that busy smoke-stack was a roaring redhot stove about as big as a hat. It had just room enough on top for three steaming coffee cans at a time. There were four white men with their chins on their knees completely occupying the floor of one side of the mansion, and four Mexicans filled the other. Every man was hunched up to take as little room as possible. It appeared that my only chance was to move the tins and sit on the stove. But one Mexican sort of sat on another Mexican and the new white man was accommodated. These fellows were a double-section gang, for the track is double all along here.

I dried out pretty quick. The men began to pass up the coffee off the stove. It strangled and blistered me, it was so hot. The men were almost to the bottom of the food sections of their buckets and were beginning to throw perfectly good sandwiches and extra pieces of pie through the door. I said that if any man had anything to throw away would he just wait till I stepped outside so I could catch it. They handed me all I could ever imagine a man eating. It rained and rained and rained, and I ate till I could eat no more. One man gave me for dessert the last half of his cup of stewed raisins along with his own spoon. Good raisins they were, too. A Mexican urged upon me some brown paper and cigarette tobacco. I was sorry I did not smoke. The men passed up more and more hot coffee.

That coffee made me into a sort of thermos bottle. On the strength of it I walked all afternoon through sheets and cataracts. When dark came I slept in wet clothes in a damp blanket in the hay of a windy livery-stable without catching cold.

Now it is morning. The sky is reasonably clear, the weather is reasonably warm, but I am no longer a thermos bottle, no, no. I am sitting on the hottest rock I can find, letting the sun go through my bones. The coffee in me has turned at last to ice

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and snow. Emporia, the Athens of America, is just ahead. Oh, for a hot bath and a clean shirt!

A mad dog tried to bite me yesterday morning, when I made a feeble attempt to leave the track. When I was once back on the ties, he seemed afraid and would not come closer. His bark was the ghastliest thing I ever heard. As for his bite, he did not get quite through my shoe-heel.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, JUNE 19, 1912.

On inquiring at the Emporia General Delivery for mail, I found your letter telling me to call upon your friend Professor Kerr. He took my sudden appearance most kindly, and pardoned my battered attire and the mud to the knees. After a day in his house I am ready to go on, dry and feasted and warm and clean. The professor's help seemed to come in just in time. I was a most weary creature.

Thinking it over this morning, the bathtub appears to be the first outstanding advantage the cultured man has over the half-civilized. Quite often the folk with swept houses and decent cooking who have given my poems discriminating attention, who have given me good things to eat, forget, even when they entertain him overnight, that the stranger would like to soak himself thoroughly. Many of the working people seem to keep fairly clean with the washpan as their principal ally. But the tub is indispensable to the mendicant in the end, unless he is walking through a land of crystal waterfalls, like North Georgia.

I am an artificial creature at last, dependent, after all, upon modern plumbing. 'Tis, perhaps, not a dignified theme, but I retired to the professor's bathroom and washed off the entire State of Missouri and the eastern counties of Kansas, and did a deal of laundry work on the sly. This last was not openly confessed to the professor, but he might have guessed, I was so cold on the front porch that night.

I shall not soon lose the memory of this the first day of emergence from the strait paths of St. Francis, this first meeting, since I left Springfield, with a person on whom I had a conventional social claim. I had forgotten what the delicacy of a cultured welcome would be like. The professor's table was a

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marvel to me. I was astonished to discover there were such fine distinctions in food and linen. And for all my troubadour profession, I had almost forgotten there were such distinctions in books. I have hardly seen one magazine since I left you. The world where I have been moving reads nothing but newspapers. It is confusing to bob from one world to the other, to zig-zag across the social dead-line. I sat in the professor's library a very mixed-up person, feeling I could hardly stay a minute, yet too heavy-footed to stir an inch, and immensely grateful and relaxed.

Sooner or later I am going to step up into the rarefied civilized air once too often and stay there in spite of myself. I shall get a little too fond of the china and old silver, and forget the fields. Books and teacups and high-brow conversations are awfully insinuating things, if you give them time to be. One gets along somehow, and pleasure alternates with pain, and the sum is the joy of life, while one is below. But to quit is like coming up to earth after deep-sea diving in a heavy suit. One scarcely realizes he has been under heavier-than-air pressure, and has been fighting off great forces, till he has taken off his diving helmet, as it were. And yet there is a baffling sense of futility in the restful upper air. I remember it once, long ago, in emerging in Warren, Ohio, and once in emerging in Macon, Georgia:—the feeling that the upper world is all tissue paper, that the only choice a real man can make is to stay below with the great forces of life forever, even though he be a tramp—the feeling that, to be a little civilized, we sacrifice enormous powers and joys. For all I was so tired and so very grateful to the professor, I felt like a bull in a china shop. I should have been out in the fields, eating grass.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1912. I am writing on the top of a pile of creosote-soaked ties between the Santa Fé tracks and the trail that runs parallel to the tracks. Florence, Kansas, is somewhere ahead.

In the East the railroads and machinery choke the land to death and it was there I made my rule against them. But the farther West I go the more the very life of the country seems

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to depend upon them. I suppose, though, that some day, even out West here, the rule against the railroad will be a good rule.

Meanwhile let me say that my Ruskinian prejudices are temporarily overcome by the picturesqueness and efficiency of the Santa Fé. It is double-tracked, and every four miles is kept in order by a hand-car crew that is spinning back and forth all the time. The air seems to be full of hand-cars.

Walking in a hurry to make a certain place by nightfall I have become acquainted with these section hands, and, most delightful to relate, have ridden in their iron conveyances, putting my own back into the work. Half or three-fourths of the employees are Mexicans who are as ornamental in the actual landscape as they are in a Remington drawing. These Mexicans are tractable serfs of the Santa Fé. If there were enough miles of railroad in Mexico to keep all the inhabitants busy on section, perhaps the internal difficulties could be ended. These peons live peacefully next to the tracks in houses built by the company from old ties. The ties are placed on end, side by side, with plaster in the cracks, on a tiny oblong two-room plan. There is a little roofed court between the rooms. A farmer told me that the company tried Greek serfs for a while, but they made trouble for outsiders and murdered each other.

The road is busy as busy can be. Almost any time one can see enormous freight-trains rolling by or a mile-a-minute passenger train. Gates are provided for each farmer's right of way. I was told by an exceptional Mexican with powers of speech that the efficient dragging of the wagon-roads, especially the "New Santa Fé Trail" that follows the railroad, is owing to the missionary work of King, the split-log drag man, who was employed to go up and down this land agitating his hobby.

When the weather is good, touring automobiles whiz past. They have pennants showing they are from Kansas City, Emporia, New York or Chicago. They have camping canvas and bedding on the back seats of the car, or strapped in the rear. They are on camping tours to Colorado Springs and the like pleasure places. Some few avow they are going to the coast. About five o'clock in the evening some man making a local trip is apt to come along alone. He it is that wants the other side

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of the machine weighed down. He it is that will offer me a ride and spin me along from five to twenty-five miles before supper. This delightful use that may be made of an automobile in rounding out a day's walk has had something to do with mending my prejudice against it, despite the grand airs of the tourists that whirl by at midday. I still maintain that the auto is a carnal institution, to be shunned by the truly spiritual, but there are times when I, for one, get tired of being spiritual.

Much of the country east of Emporia is hilly and well-wooded and hedged like Missouri. But now I am getting into the range region. Yesterday, after several miles of treeless land that had never known the plough, I said to myself: "Now I am really West." And my impression was reinforced when I reached a grand baronial establishment called "Clover Hill Ranch." It was flanked by the houses of the retainers. In the foreground and a little to the side was the great stone barn for the mules and horses. Back on the little hill, properly introduced by ceremonious trees, was the ranch house itself. And before it was my lord on his ranching charger. The aforesaid lord created quite an atmosphere of lordliness as he refused work in the alfalfa harvest to a battered stranger who bowed too low and begged too hard, perhaps. On the porch was my lady, feeding bread and honey to the beautiful young prince of the place.

I have not yet reached the wheat belt. Since the alfalfa harvest is on here, I shall try for that a bit.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 30, 1912. In the spare room of a Mennonite Farmer, who lives just inside the wheat belt.

This is going to be a long Sunday afternoon; so make up your minds for a long letter. I did not get work in the alfalfa. Yet there is news. I have been staying a week with this Mennonite family shocking wheat for them, though I am not anywhere near Great Bend.

Before I tell you of the harvest, I must tell you of these Mennonites. They are a dear people. I have heard from their reverent lips the name of their founder, Menno Simonis, who was born about the time of Columbus and Luther and other such

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worthies. They are as opposed to carnal literature as I am to tailor-made clothes, and I hold they are perfectly correct in allowing no fashion magazines in the house. Such modern books as they read deal with practical local philanthropies and great international mission movements, and their interdenominational feelings for all Christendom are strong. Yet they hold to their ancient verities, and antiquity broods over their meditations.

For instance I found in their bookcase an endless dialogue epic called *The Wandering Soul,* in which this soul, seeking mainly for information, engages in stilted conversation with Adam, Noah and Simon Cleophas. Thereby the Wandering Soul is informed as to the orthodox history and chronology of the world from the Creation to the destruction of Jerusalem. The wood-cuts are devotional. They are worth walking to Kansas to see. The book had its third translation into Pennsylvania English in 1840, but several American editions had existed in German before that, and several German editions in Germany. It was originally written in the Dutch language and was popular among the Mennonites there. But it looks as if it was printed by Adam to last forever and scare bad boys.

Let us go to meeting. All the women are on their own side of the aisle. All of them have a fairly uniform Quakerish sort of dress of no prescribed color. In front are the most pious, who wear a black scoop-bonnet. Some have taken this off, and show the inevitable "prayer-covering" underneath. It is the plainest kind of a lace-cap, awfully coquettish on a pretty head. It is intended to mortify the flesh, and I suppose it *is* unbecoming to *some* women.

All the scoop bonnets are not black. Toward the middle of the church, behold a cream-satin, a soft gray, a dull moon-gold. One young woman, moved, I fear, by the devil, turns and looks across the aisle at us. An exceedingly demure bow is tied all too sweetly under the chin, in a decorous butterfly style. Fie! fie! Is this mortifying the flesh? And I note with pain that the black bonnets grow fewer and fewer toward the rear of the meeting house.

Here come the children, with bobbing headgear of every color of the rainbow, yet the same scoop-pattern still. They have

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been taking little walks and runs between Sunday-school and church, and are all flushed and panting. But I would no more criticise the color of their headgear than the color in their faces. Some of them squeeze in among the black rows in front and make piety reasonable. But we noted by the door as they entered something that both the church and the world must abhor. Seated as near to the men's side as they can get, with a mixture of shame and defiance in their faces, are certain daughters of the Mennonites who insist on dressing after the fashions that come from Paris and Kansas City and Emporia. By the time the rumors of what is proper in millinery have reached this place they are a disconcerting mixture of cherries, feathers and ferns. And somehow there are too many mussy ribbons on the dresses.

We can only guess how these rebels most suffer under the concentrated silent prayers of the godly. Poor honest souls! they take to this world's vain baggage and overdo it. Why do they not make up their minds to serve the devil sideways, like that sly puss with the butterfly bow?

On the men's side of the house the division on dress is more acute. The Holiness movement, the doctrine of the Second Blessing that has stirred many rural Methodist groups, has attacked the Mennonites also. Those who dispute for this new ism of sanctification leave off their neckties as a sign. Those that retain their neckties, satisfied with what Menno-Simonis taught, have a hard time remaining in a state of complete calm. The temptation to argue the matter is almost more than flesh can bear.

But, so far as I could discover, there was no silent prayer over the worst lapse of these people. What remains of my Franciscan soul was hurt to discover that the buggy-shed of the meeting-house was full of automobiles. And to meet a Mennonite on the road without a necktie, his wife in the blackest of bonnets, honking along in one of those glittering brazen machines, almost shakes my confidence in the Old Jerusalem Gospel.

Yet let me not indulge in disrespect. Every spiritual warfare must abound in its little ironies. They are keeping their rule against finery as well as I am keeping mine against the railroad. And they have their own way of not being corrupted

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by money. Their ministry is unsalaried. Their preachers are sometimes helpers on the farms, sometimes taken care of outright, the same as I am.

As will later appear, despite some inconsistencies, the Mennonites have a piety as literal as any to be found on the earth. Since they are German there is no lack of thought in their system. I attended one of their quarterly conferences and I have never heard better discourses on the distinctions between the four gospels. The men who spoke were scholars.

The Mennonites make it a principle to ignore politics, and are non-resistants in war. I have read in the life of one of their heroes what a terrible time his people had in the Shenandoah valley in the days of Sheridan. . . . Three solemn tracts are here on my dresser. The first is against church organs, embodying a plea for simplicity and the spending of such money on local benevolences and world-wide missions. The tract aptly compares the church-organ to the Thibetan prayer-wheel, and later to praying by phonograph. A song is a prayer to them, and they sing hymns and nothing but hymns all week long.

The next tract is on non-conformity to this world, and insists our appearance should indicate our profession, and that fashions drive the poor away from the church. It condemns jewels and plaiting of the hair, etc., and says that such things stir up a wicked and worldly lust in the eyes of youth. This tract goes so far as to put worldly pictures under the ban. Then comes another, headed Bible Teaching on Dress. It goes on to show that every true Christian, especially that vain bird, the female, should wear something like the Mennonite uniform to indicate the line of separation from "the World." I have a good deal of sympathy for all this, for indeed is it not briefly comprehended in my own rule: "Carry no baggage"?

These people celebrate communion every half year, and at the same time they practise the ritual of washing the feet. Since Isadora Duncan has rediscovered the human foot æsthetically, who dares object to it in ritual? It is all a question of what we are trained to expect. Certainly these people are respecters of the human foot and not ashamed to show it. Next to the way their women have of making a dash to find their gauzy

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prayer-covering, which they put on for grace at table and Bible-lesson before breakfast, their most striking habit is the way both men and women go about in very clean bare feet after supper. Next to this let me note their resolve to have no profane hour whatsoever. When not actually at work they sit and sing hymns, each Christian on his own hook as he has leisure.

My first evening among these dear strangers I was sitting alone by the front door, looking out on the wheat. I was thrilled to see the fairest member of the household enter, not without grace and dignity. Her prayer covering was on her head, her white feet were shining like those of Nicolette and her white hymn-book was in her hand. She ignored me entirely. She was rapt in trance. She sat by the window and sang through the book, looking straight at a rose in the wall-paper.

I lingered there, reading *The Wandering Soul* just as oblivious of her presence as she was of mine. Oh, no; there was no art in the selection of her songs! I remember one which was to this effect:

> "Don't let it be said:
> 'Too late, too late
> To enter that Golden Gate.'
> Be ready, for soon
> The time will come
> To enter that Golden Gate."

On the whole she had as much right to plunk down and sing hymns out of season as I have to burst in and quote poetry to peaceful and unprotected households.

I would like to insert a discourse here on the pleasure and the naturalness and the humanness of testifying to one's gospel whatever that gospel may be, barefooted or golden-slippered or iron-shod. The best we may win in return may be but a kindly smile. We may never make one convert. Still the duty of testifying remains, and is enjoined by the invisible powers and makes for the health of the soul. This Mennonite was a priestess of her view of the truth and comes of endless generations of such snow-footed apostles. I presume the sect ceased to enlarge when the Quakers ceased to thrive, but I make my guess that it does not crumble as fast as the Quakers, having more German stolidity.

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Let me again go forward, testifying to my particular lonely gospel in the face of such pleasant smiles and incredulous questions as may come. I wish I could start a sturdy sect like old Menno Simonis did. They should dress as these have done, and be as stubborn and rigid in their discipline. They should farm as these have done, but on reaching the point where the Mennonite buys the automobile, that money and energy should go into the making of cross-roads palaces for the people, golden as the harvest field, and disciplined well-parked villages, good as a psalm, and cities fair as a Mennonite lady in her prayer-covering, delicate and noble as Athens the unforgotten, the divine.

The Mennonite doctrine of non-participation in war or politics leads them to confine their periodic literature to religious journals exclusively, plus *The Drover's Journal* to keep them up to date on the prices of farm-products. There is only one Mennonite political event, the coming of Christ to judge the earth. Of that no man knoweth the day or the hour. We had best be prepared and not play politics or baseball or anything. Just keep unspotted and harvest the wheat.

"Goin' Wes' harvesin'?"

I have harvested, thank you. Four days and a half I have shocked wheat in these prayer-consecrated fields that I see even now from my window. And I have good hard dollars in my pocket, which same dollars are against my rules.

I will tell you of the harvest in the next letter.

ON THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

On the road to nowhere
What wild oats did you sow
When you left your father's house
With your cheeks aglow?
Eyes so strained and eager
To see what you might see?
Were you thief or were you fool
Or most nobly free?
Were the tramp-days knightly,
True sowing of wild seed?

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Did you dare to make the songs
Vanquished workmen need?
Did you waste much money
To deck a leper's feast?
Love the truth, defy the crowd,
Scandalize the priest?
On the road to nowhere
What wild oats did you sow?
Stupids find the nowhere-road
Dusty, grim and slow.
Ere their sowing's ended
They turn them on their track:
Look at the caitiff craven wights
Repentant, hurrying back!
Grown ashamed of nowhere,
Of rags endured for years,
Lust for velvet in their hearts,
Pierced with Mammon's spears.
All but a few fanatics
Give up their darling goal,
Seek to be as others are,
Stultify the soul.
Reapings now confront them,
Glut them, or destroy,
Curious seeds, grain or weeds,
Sown with awful joy.
Hurried is their harvest,
They make soft peace with men.
Pilgrims pass. They care not,
Will not tramp again.
O nowhere, golden nowhere!
Sages and fools go on
To your chaotic ocean,
To your tremendous dawn.
Far in your fair dream-haven,
Is nothing or is all . . .
They press on, singing, sowing
Wild deeds without recall!

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TIME, PAST MASTER OF ILLUSION

C. L. B. SHUDDEMAGEN

CONSCIOUSNESS, individualized life, evolves and grows in content and in organization. It grows in two distinct ways: first, within a world of a certain space, or dimension, coming into greater correspondence with the objects in that world, learning to understand more of the things which have reality in that world; and second, into a world of higher dimension which is related to the lower one as a solid body is related to its surface. The first mode is an expansion, a continuous increase along familiar lines; the second is a raising to a higher power, as it were, a growth along new lines. Growth of the first kind is in a certain sense prerequisite to that of the second kind.

The feeling of growth or change in consciousness is the philosophical basis of the conception of time, which must have arisen in the awareness or recognition of continual change in the external world as perceived by the consciousness, accompanied by permanent changes and increments in its growth. There are, therefore, two different classes of time: one measures the ordinary growth of consciousness within the world in which the being is accustomed to function, and the other measures it similarly for the world of the next higher dimension. However, as a matter of fact, the time-conception has become generalized in human evolution so as to apply rather to the collective change or growth of racial consciousness than to that of any single individual. It therefore does not take note of the second kind of change, as such changes are, at this stage of the evolution of humanity, rather exceptional and abnormal. Furthermore, the time-conception was standardized with reference to external changes and measured by the external apparent motions of the sun, moon and stars. It is logical and reasonable to regard these external changes and motions in nature as being in very truth nothing more or less than internal changes of consciousness and growth of one or more mighty universal Beings, of vastly greater inclusiveness in consciousness and powers than that of

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human beings. These greater Beings may be supposed to have attained to great uniformity of laws in their lower material manifestation, so that the motions of astronomical bodies give indeed a very exact means for the measurement of time in the world of three dimensions of space, the world in which humanity is evolving.

It has been argued that the processes of nature could not be described except in terms of time, that the time-element cannot be done away with in metaphysics. Now, it may be true that in the last analysis of this subject there will always remain a certain aspect which can be related to the conception of time, but it is important to recognize that this would not in the least imply that there was any fundamental reality to be attached to time. It merely means that certain groupings of phenomena in nature which are called " successive " may be conveniently regarded by conscious beings of a certain stage of development of mind as taking place in time, whereas they really take place in consciousness only. While for these beings there may be no conceivable way of regarding the groupings of changing objects except in terms of time, it is fairly easy to show that there may be a more developed state of consciousness for which a whole series of changes can be seen as a single object. In such a case evidently the time-element would completely disappear. This consciousness is one which has freed itself from the limitations of three-dimensional space, of having to see every object as existing in only three dimensions. The extension of the object in the fourth dimension is what gives rise to the idea of time in a consciousness which has not yet grown sufficiently to be able to overcome to some extent the illusion that a three-dimensional space is able to contain the facts of the universe. The consciousness of three dimensions may be thought of as moving through an object, a world of objects, in fact, in the direction of its extension in the fourth dimension; and the continuous changing of the object is thought of as occurring in time. The changes which take place are projected outward from the consciousness, and ascribed to the object; they are thought of as occurring in the object.

As a matter of fact there may be some truth in this, but it is certainly a limited view and not the one which is of the greatest

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importance from the standpoint of human evolution, which has before it the work of outgrowing the limitations of the three-dimensional consciousness. The changes projected into the objects of external nature really and fundamentally take place within the conciousness which experiences, becomes aware of, them. Let it not be argued that it is the object alone which produces or causes the experiences, for the reason that many independent minds can investigate the same object and obtain similar experiences and results, changes in their consciousnesses. This fact can be more easily and satisfactorily considered as proving the fundamental Oneness of all consciousness, of all life. There are many fragments of the One Consciousness which may experience changes with regard to one object, and it is all one phenomenon and one experience at bottom. The object to which so much of reality is usually assigned might just as well be regarded as merely a projected symbol or token of the one experience which belonged to many individualized fragments of the One Consciousness.

Consider a fixed sphere or ball in a space of three dimensions, and a plane surface in which dwell beings of two-dimensional consciousness, in bodies of two dimensions. Let the plane be slowly moved at a uniform rate toward the sphere, perpendicularly to itself. It will touch the sphere and then pass through it, cutting out a circle which increases for a time, reaches a maximum, then decreases to a point and then the plane will leave the sphere entirely. The two-dimensional beings will experience the following series of changes: the appearance of a point in their field of consciousness, this growing into a circle with increasing radius, then decreasing again to nothing. The phenomenon of the sphere as perceived by their consciousness is regular and continuous and may well produce in them the illusion of time, of a real growth and decay in time of the circle they saw. As a matter of fact, to us who are three-dimensional beings, the phenomenon is a fixed sphere in a space of three dimensions, and there is neither motion nor time to be associated with it, and no possibility of measuring time exists. Consciousness, life, seems to require a constant change or motion. In other words, the law of consciousness is that it must grow.

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Now the motion of the plane through the sphere symbolizes the change or growth in the consciousness of the two-dimensional being. It needs a three-dimensional consciousness to be able to perceive the sphere as a single fixed object. For the two-dimensional being this feat is not possible,—at least not until he is able to free himself of the illusion of time and recognize that the objects of his consciousness, which seem to change, grow and decay, are in reality fixed objects in a space of three dimensions. When this recognition has become for him a realization, then his consciousness has grown from the limitations of two dimensions into the lesser limitation of three dimensions.

If our humanity has ever been subjected to the limitations of a two-dimensional consciousness, as seems quite reasonable and probable, then it has by this time freed itself very nearly from such limitations. The old conception of time, which arose as though from the two-dimensional consciousness moving across a world of three-dimensional objects, has been set aside; and a new conception of time, arising as though from a movement of a three-dimensional consciousness through an external world of four dimensions, has been established. This, therefore, is the stage in evolution of consciousness which is normal for our humanity under present conditions. The most logical and reasonable explanation of the appearance, the growth, change, decay and final disappearance of three-dimensional objects is that they are really fixed objects in a four-dimensional space, and that our consciousness is only able to perceive a three-dimensional section of them as one percept; that this percept is continuously being modified in such a way as may be described or symbolized by the sweeping of the consciousness through the objects in the extension of the fourth dimension. The process is quite analogous to the case of the two-dimensional consciousness moving through the fixed sphere.

That the human race has probably passed through the limitation of consciousness to two dimensions, and has not yet gained the full powers of the use of three dimensions, is indicated by the well-known fact that beginners in the study of geometry generally find little difficulty in constructing mental pictures of geometrical figures in a plane, and in understanding their rela-

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tionships, while for the proper study of solid geometry it is necessary for the teacher to spend considerable time and show much ingenuity in getting his students to become skilled in the practice of building mental images of solid geometrical figures, or of figures which occupy three-dimensional space. Most men are quite limited in thought to a space which is almost two-dimensional, coinciding with the surface of the earth, with a little extension up and down, in the third dimension. Few men feel at home in the contemplation of astronomical bodies. The mind shrinks back, as though from an impassable abyss.

There is good reason to believe that there are actually men of our own human race who have attained the power of being conscious of and in a four-dimensional world. Mathematically defined, this would mean first of all the power of thought to construct in imagination four straight lines meeting in a point, each of which is at right angles to the other three. It would undoubtedly require considerable practice and exercise to become able to see the objects of the four-dimensional universe,—the objects of which our familiar three-dimensional objects are mere cross-sections. Consciousness in four dimensions might be developed in various ways. The one which lies nearest to hand would be the mathematical study of the problems of four-dimensional space and geometrical figures. This was the method followed successfully by the late C. H. Hinton, author of several very excellent books on the subject. Another way might be termed the psychological method: study, chiefly within oneself, of the dream-consciousness, especially of the state just before awakening, when the dream-consciousness and the waking consciousness may sometimes unite without the usual blank period which so effectually separates these two states for most people. Certain hypnotic experiments have brought out facts which can most rationally be explained by assuming the reality of the four-dimensional world and the corresponding non-reality (relatively speaking) of the ordinary conception of time, but it is doubtful whether any consciousness of the higher dimension in the waking state can be developed by hypnotic means. The occurrence of cases of prophetic sight into the future is, of course, practically as good as a proof of the existence of four-dimensional objects,

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—the future being simply the extension into the fourth dimension of our ordinary objects, and the so-called appearance and growth of new and unfamiliar objects occupying four-dimensional space which has not yet come under the sweep of the collective consciousness of the human race, as it moves through space in the direction of the fourth dimension.

The safest, surest, but also for most persons the most difficult and slowest, way is by self-development of spirituality, in which purity of motive is essential. This should not be confused with the many commercialized methods of pseudo-occultism and the various systems of so-called "Yoga." In this introspection it is necessary that the mind shall some time surrender itself to a higher authority, that of intuition, or knowledge by something like direct contact. For the mind is usually too strongly ingrained with the ideas and the limitations of three dimensions to be able, unassisted, to free itself.

The fact that the number of persons who are experiencing abnormal states of consciousness, many of which are easily accounted for by the assumption of the world of four dimensions, is increasing year by year, would indicate that the "four-dimensional consciousness" is just beginning to appear in a more general way in human evolution. At the same time it is worthy of note that various mathematical scientists are finding themselves obliged to call in the help of the fourth dimension in their treatment of various problems of science,—especially in the physics of electro-magnetism and the physical phenomena of the ether, or of objects in the ether.

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LIZALOO, PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS

ANNESLEY KENEALY

"MAKE it six bob, dearie," came in wheedling tones through the awning of drab smoke which hung over the street-corner.

The man so addressed, one of the waste products of the East-end, narrow-chested, and of mean stature, thrust his dirty hands into his pockets to the sound of jingling coins.

"She's got her labor certificate alright, I s'pose?" he asked in the thick, hoarse voice of one who breathes beer.

"Yuss," replied Mrs. Strikes briskly. "Lizaloo's clever with her 'ead. She's wuth more'n five bob."

"Keep 'er yerself, then," he said morosely.

Familiar with the shortages of Mrs. Strikes' character, Bill was shrewdly aware that the daughter's selling-price would be decided by her mother's inability to look beyond the hour, and her immediate need of gin. For this reason he had contrived that the final bid in the barter and sale of Lizaloo should be made outside "The Rising Sun."

"Seein' as she's only twelve year old larst Sunday, you carn't marry 'er wivout I gives my consent. So you needn't 'aggle to a halfpenny wiv a poor widder wiv other kids to keep."

The casual mother of an innumerable family reached out this feminine feeler toward her companion's generosity.

But the instinct of self-preservation was uppermost in the crude, rudimentary animal. Bill was only the raw, rickety material which goes to the making of a man.

He knocked his pipe out with an air of finality and said, "Five bob. Not a farden more. Take it, or leave it. There's lots as 'ud jump at marryin' one of their darters to me."

"She's young, and used to 'ard work," her mother urged in her anxiety to run up the girl's life-value.

A pause ensued during which each watched the other, waiting for the next move in the sordid game. But Bill hung on doggedly to his bid. It is the average market price of a twelve-year-old wife in the East-end.

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Outside, the broken pavements were wet and slushy: the chill damp of the October night, now creeping up in a yellowish fog, prompted Mrs. Strikes to draw her rusty shawl more closely about her shrunken frame, and to look athirst at the allurements of the sawdust-sprinkled interior of "The Rising Sun." The warmth engendered by the huddling humanity within, and the mouth-watering forgetfulness inherent in gin impelled her to conclude the bargain with a rush, as Bill had foreseen.

"'Ave it your own way, then," broke from the woman's lips.

"'Arf down now. The rest when 'er and me's spliced," he said concisely, and handed her four sixpences and half a dozen coppers.

His mother-in-law elect caught at the coins avidly, then turned toward the lost Paradise which Bill's largesse had temporarily regained for her.

But for the moment, feminine curiosity overcame her craving for drink. The yellow eyes of the street lamps gleaming through the darkness revealed the malice of the woman's face—an evil face all over lines, and seams, and patches,—as she asked with a leer:

"'Ave yer told Sal?"

"Told Sal?" he echoed peevishly. "No, I ain't. And wot's more, I ain't goin' to."

He puffed out his narrow, cockney chest with a grotesque assumption of courage. But his shifty eyes, quick and restless as a rat's, travelled fearfully up and down the dirty street.

There'd be the devil to pay when Sal knew. And he was timidly anxious to postpone the day of reckoning.

"Best say nuffin', dearie," advised Mrs. Strikes. Then the lurking Eve in her prompted her to add, viciously: "Lord! She'll go clean off her onion when you takes Lizaloo 'ome."

"Well—s'pose she does, wot then? She's can't do nuffin'."

"Only jaw."

Bill spat on the pavement, contemptuously. "Wot good'll that do 'er?" he sneered.

Nevertheless his eyes once more wandered furtively to all points of the compass. At sight of Sal he was quite prepared to take ingloriously to his heels. Then a sudden new fear struck

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at him. "S'pose the girl splits," he suggested with dry lips.

"She dursn't," he was assured.

"I've giv' notice at the Registry office. Mind you're there sharp at half arter ten o' Saturday. You'll 'ave to write down as 'ow you're a consentin' party to the marriage."

The answer came promptly. "That'll be a extra bob, Bill."

Whereat Bill swore. But Mrs. Strikes stood her ground. And the bargain in a child's flesh and blood was so concluded. The woman netted her six shillings—the price of a daughter: the man, bone-idle, mean and cruel, secured the life-lease of a young, submissive "work-beast."

The meagre total of his narrow ambition was to eat as many meals and drink as much beer as possible without earning either. His industry, such as it was, being transitory and impromptu had little marketable value. And the idea had fixed itself in his rudimentary mind that, with two women to work for him, he could indulge his "do nothing" habit to the fullest extent. With luck, he might even have "a Monday head" on him three or four times a week, at least. Anyway, Lizaloo's assistance with the vegetable "barrer" might so supplement Sal's earnings as to enable Bill to spend more time in aimless loafing at street corners, and more money at the bar of "The Rising Sun." The coster was not a facile thinker. But this much was clear to the lights of an understanding unable to travel beyond the radius of more idleness, and "extry" beer.

At mid-day on the following Saturday, with a mingled sense of achievement and alarm, the man pushed open the door of his two-roomed, tumble-down tenement. Though he entered whistling, and with an air of bravado by no means genuine, he took the precaution of thrusting the shrinking, immature little body of Lizaloo in front of him, as a shield.

Sal was on her knees, mopping the dirty, bare boards with a twist of dirty, wet straw. Perfunctory as it was, the Saturday clean down was apt to make her more than habitually tindery in temper. Her attention and her muscular activities were arrested in a flash by the unexpected invasion of her stronghold. As she looked up from the floor with snapping eyes, storm-cones hoisted on her broad, hard face, Bill tried to speak. But the

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words clung drily to his lips. After a valiant struggle he achieved a weak, ingratiating smile.

The woman's gaze, by now, had riveted itself vindictively upon Lizaloo's slender, ill-clad figure, and the small bundle of clothing she carried wrapped up in a ragged piece of blue-chequered linen. Sal rose to her feet slowly and stood, stalwart and brawny, staring over Bill's close-cropped head at the worn, miserable little face of his girl-companion.

"Wot's that young kipper doin' 'ere, along of you?" she asked in a terrible voice.

But she knew. Women always know. Bill followed her piloting finger with blinking, surprised eyes, as though he now saw the child for the first time. Then he shifted uneasily on his short, skinny legs.

"Meanin' 'er? Wy, I thought as 'ow she cud go out, and help you wif the barrer, Sal," he explained lamely. "She's a 'andy little nipper, though small for her age."

Lizaloo said nothing. She did not appear to be conscious of the situation. The cold east wind had scourged her thin little frame through her thin garments. Pinched, and blue, and shivering she cowered, meekly submissive and with downcast eyes, beside the meagre fire. The girl was not formed to stand with her back against the wall, and fight. She had always been shunted about to suit other people. Her gray, leaden childhood had been spent amid the grim realities of the East-end. And she had been left to work out her own little gospel of life, unaided. It was brief, and brutal. She believed it was inherent in the mysterious scheme of things that she, and others of her class, should be gladless, hungry and overworked. From the beginning, life and circumstances had hit Lizaloo very hard. But it did not occur to her to strike back. It was of no use. So she accepted things as she found them, dully and uncomplainingly, and without any sense of rebellion against the scanty arrangements which had been made for her happiness.

But Sal was made of other and more vehement stuff. By this time her horny blue eyes had glued themselves to the cheap, gilt wedding-ring which Bill had economically redeemed from a pawn-shop. It looked pathetically grotesque and loose on the

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child's dirty, little unformed finger. But its significance struck a heavy blow to the wife's rival. She mopped her coarse, weather-beaten face with her ragged apron. Then she turned on the man who stood before her.

"So you've give me the go-by, Bill!" she exclaimed bitterly.

He tugged at and loosened his greasy neckerchief. "I'm not such a mug as to go to quod for marryin' another bloke's missus. Not 'arf," he answered with an aggrieved air.

She turned on him like a snarling dog. "My 'usband 'ooked it to America three year ago. He ain't likely to come back. You knew that."

"S'pose I did? Wotcher going to do?"

His manner had a touch of contempt and patronage in it. Lapse from civilization as Bill was, he stared her cruelly in the face. Why shouldn't he? He held all the trumps. He and the girl were "properly" married. Lizaloo had her "lines" safely enough. Meanly confident of Sal's rough loyalty to him, he was master of her, and of the situation.

The brutality of her lover's words sent a rush of scarlet blood to the woman's swarthy cheeks. Under the goad of jealousy and defeat, the explosive material in her composition was beginning to take fire. "You've wusted me, for once, Bill," she said, intertwisting her fingers savagely as though to keep them from his throat. "And you've brought that gal 'ome just as winter and 'ard times is a-comin' on."

"She'll a jolly sight more than earn her keep," he broke out, eager to snatch at some sort of propitiatory offering to Sal.

She laughed vengefully. "I'll see to that," she declared.

Then with the instinct of feral femininity she passed her fury on to Lizaloo. Turning with arms akimbo toward the ragged, diminutive form which leaned forlornly against the fireplace, she remarked with the tomahawking candor of her class: "It rots me wot yer took 'er on for, you bloomin' fool. She ain't much to look at."

It was true. Meagre-bodied and ill-nourished, the starveling's only pretence to beauty lay in the big, amber eyes which looked out in a hunted way from her sharp, peaked little face.

"And for all she's got 'er ring, and 'er lines, to flaunt in me

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face, I'll show 'er who's missus 'ere," her tormentor continued.

"In course," the man agreed basely.

Then, in the belief that this concession had cleared the air, he said: "I could do wiv a bit of dinner, old gal."

"Dinner!"

She echoed the one word with derisive, snarling lips. Then Sal exploded. Her dull, smouldering fury broke into red-hot flame. Invective and blasphemy flowed like molten lead from her volcanic mouth. The girl covered her white, scared face with her thin, red hands. Dumb and inarticulate as such men mostly are in a sex-scene, Bill cowered before the storm of the woman's vehemence and volubility. As she advanced, hard-muscled, powerful, and threateningly toward the fireplace, the bride of an hour gave a futile, frightened cry like that of a hare when the hounds are on it.

Her husband of an hour shrank cowardly toward the door. "'Ere, Sal, I'm off. 'Er and you'd best fight it out between you," he exclaimed hoarsely, then disappeared, leaving the frail and puny creature to the mercy of a woman who had none.

In the dark, joyless winter months which followed, the child-wife served her double bondage, bankrupt of all emotion save that she was cold, and hungry, and tired. Bill asserted his rights of ownership roughly. Sometimes, in the evil moods engendered by the unusually scanty takings of the "barrer," he ill-treated her. But it was Sal whom the girl feared.

Lizaloo was sweet-natured and submissive. With young feet that dragged, she helped the woman to push Bill's "barrer" through fog-bound days, and slushy streets. Early and late, stumbling with weariness they plied their wares through drenching rain, and bitter frosts. But their pilgrimages were to little purpose. Business was unusually bad that winter in a district distinguished for poverty, dirt and rags.

Sometimes, as she stood on sentry duty at the stall, the blue-green, lovely sheen on its piled-up winter cabbages—that tender touch of nature on a prosaic growth—would set little Lizaloo's thoughts a-wandering in pleasant paths. Once she had spent a long, golden day in the country. She remembered the sweet, clean smell of the wholesome earth. In the gleam of the smok-

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ing paraffin lamp which hung on the "barrer," she fancied she saw again the bright, little yellow flowers strewn like fairy pats of butter on the grass, and the scarlet poppies, which looked like blood-stains on the corn-fields. In her ears was an echo still of birds singing in tune just as if they had been taught in a church choir. And a wistful up-leap of hope arose in the child's desolate heart that some of the play and the brightness of life might come to her with the spring. Some day, perhaps, the sun would shine again through those gray-flannel skies; the black slush underfoot, which soaked so freezingly through her broken boots, would mercifully give place to dust and dryness.

When the prosperous "ripe strawbie" season came round, Bill promised they would all have more to eat. And p'r'aps he might take her to a "movie picture" show if they could contrive to give Sal the slip. That wouldn't be easy, the child reflected, ruefully. Sal was always the black spot in Lizaloo's imaginary sunshine.

Bill sometimes went out with the "barrer" himself in summer. He said there was a lot more life and fun to it in warm weather. Folks didn't hurry so. They stopped to exchange the rough and ready chaff of the streets while they bought their pennorths o' stuff. Everything would "look up" presently.

Though there was not much youth or illusion left in Lizaloo, she lighted up the dark corners of her outlook with such little gleams of hope as sunny days and the "strawbie" harvest afforded.

The end of March brought with it the blizzard which spells starvation to the coster. Lizaloo was sufficiently a Necessarian to realize this to the full. Nevertheless, when she awoke at dawn to the winter-gray scene, she almost laughed with relief. She'd be able to lie a-bed a bit longer to-day. Her poor little body felt so tired and stiff all through it. Looking out on the snowy wonder of the white morning she exclaimed, on a sudden impulse: "Wy, it looks like a winding sheet, don't it, Sal?"

The answer came grimly. "That's abart wot it 'ull mean to a good few of us if it larsts." The north wind's bite cutting like a knife into Bill's wretched tenement suggested that it *was* going to last. And the promise was kept, relentlessly.

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Under the de-humanizing goads of cold and hunger, old vendettas of the street revived: a tornado-like violence of tongue and temper swept through the fireless, foodless district. Beaten humanity, thrown out of work by the black frost, huddled together within doors. Some became morose through short-commons, others malignant, Bill among them.

A night came, at last, when, under the stimulus of starvation and Sal's bitter tongue, the ancestral, crouching beast in the man's heart leapt to the surface. Maddened by the woman's reminders of the hardship and expense his marriage had brought to the ménage, the coster in an access of fury turned upon Lizaloo, and savagely kicked her little sickness-broken body as it lay on a heap of rags and straw in a corner of the kitchen.

Her sharp outcry of pain was succeeded by a frightening silence. Arrested by the child's pallid face and blued lips, the man quailed. His eyes turning toward Sal stared a terrible question. In answer the woman bent momentarily over the small, pitiful figure. Then she raised a startled face.

"Best 'ook it, Bill."

He grew ashen, and shivered. Suppose——?

"S'elp me. It was only a kick. Just a shove wiv me boot," he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. In his experience women could stand a lot of kicking.

"Seein' 'ow it is wiv the nipper, a kick's a kick," said Sal. Then she laughed cruelly. "From fust to larst she ain't brought yer no luck. And if yer don't cut and run, ye'll swing for 'er yet."

The cells and shuttles of his cunning brain darted in and out swiftly, like those of a rat caught in a trap. A blind fear for his own safety served as a whip to spur the invertebrate, for once, to decisive action. He had all of a ferret's instinct and capacity to run to earth.

Loyal as ever to his disloyalty, Sal whipped out her scanty, secret hoard of silver from its hiding place in her stocking. She thrust the money into her lover's hands, then forced him, vehemently, toward the door.

Without a glance at his victim outstretched and motionless on her unsavory bed, without one word of gratitude or farewell

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to the woman who loved him, Bill slunk through the door and down the stairs. Pausing presently in his flight, to gather in some breath to his puny chest, he looked out vaguely from a passage window. A man's shirt pegged by the collar to a back-yard line, and flapping dismally in the rough March wind, arrested the fugitive's attention. The moon, shooting a sudden and derisive finger, showed the damp sleeves rising and falling in a seeming fierce despair. It reminded Bill horribly of a man being hanged.

The thought lent swiftness to his slouching feet, and a clammy sweat to his unshaven face. Pursued by fear he slipped out into the silence of the night. The street in which he lived was so narrow that the gray, grimy foreheads of the houses almost met. They seemed, to-night, to be whispering grim secrets to one another. In another moment the whispers broke into loud, accusing voices. The awful word MURDER seemed to shriek at the runaway from dead walls. A sharp, dread cry of "Stop him" passed along the line of sentinel lamp-posts; the black moon-shadows upon the pavements were translated by terror into grim ropes stretched ready to trip him up in his flight.

Shafts of light from passing vehicles shot out at him grimly as though they were the encircling arms of the law. In the dull-eyed faces of sleepy wayfarers he read a shrinking horror, and knowledge of his guilt.

And a savage resentment rose within him that Lizaloo, in life but an unconsidered fungoid, human growth of a fœtid slum, should in death assume a value which set a price upon a man's freedom and a finality to his blenching body.

Before the sad, gray eyes of London opened to another day, Lizaloo's little hour of life was past. The joyless, scrimmaging current in which she had been borne along without oars, sail, or helm, went on, for others. She was outside it all, now.

Meekly submissive to the end, the child,—the two children,—had gone on a far-away journey. And Lizaloo's dream of the spring had come true. She awoke blessedly in sunlight, and flowers, to the music of the Choir Invisible.

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IN STRINGS AND CYLINDERS

IMAGINARY INTERLUDES

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

I

Caprice Espagnole: Rimsky-Korsakow

AGAINST the star-girdled, velvet skirt of night, festooned with strings of swaying lanterns, the electric fountain cascades its golden bubbles into a black pool; the gold sinks to rose, to a misty, violet veil shimmering about luminous swords of white water. The ebon edge of the pool is splashed with the auriferous reflections of the strung lanterns. At the music pavilion the virid foliage of the maples is flooded with the crackling radiance of the arc lights; the lush leaves are arsenic green; their crisp shadows shift over the passers-by.

The musicians flood their shell with a sombre tide of dress coats, the director silhouetted against the lights switched upon the scored sheets. His bâton marks a rhythmic measure, and a sibilant harmony stirs from strings and stopped horns; on a murmur of muted sound is woven an air of violins, a rippling harp, and soft clashes of cymbals—magic vistas of Castile spun on a dusky loom.

By a wall chalky in the moon, overhung with the burnished branches of oranges, the spiked sprays of oleanders, a row of cloaked beggars evoke a monotonous melancholy on vibrant guitars; supple, shawled figures dance in the saffron glow of nomadic fires; foppish matadors advance over blanched sand looped with the cobalt entrails of horses toward bulls painted with red froth and paper roses; a pallid, boyish king in a silver ruff, and royal women in quilted brocade, with breasts like gardenias, sweep over polished floors in the jonquil rays of ten thousand tapers.

The bâton of the director sinks amid a patter of applause;

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the electric fountain showers darkly into its pool, ringed with the ruby and auriferous reflections of the swaying lanterns strung on the trailing, velvet skirt of night.

II

At the San Carlos

The quavering measures of a hand-organ, rising from the road, drown the cheeping of the sparrows in the ivy with a disjointed aria by Donizetti. The thin melody whispers wretchedly, insanely shrills, above a broken and inadequate bass —a travesty of the tragic burden of longing, separation, scattered by a hastily-revolving handle, a mechanical and inattentive mind. Yet there lingers in the worn and grievous strains the flickering spirit of a formal, a gracious music—the dulcet bravuras of departed prime donne float above the ghostly bowing of orchestras long fled; the musty cavern of the San Carlos, its crystal lustres and gilt newly glittering, echoes again to the vivas of a vanished century.

The boxes soar, draped in ponderous red velvet, in circular tier upon thronged tier, broken by the amplitude of the Grand Ducal space, occupied by a solitary equerry, and the sweep of the stage, where a sea of pink tulle tosses and balances in the buoyant surge of the ballet.

At the close of the scene elegant files of pot-hatted men stand and languorously scan the audience through glasses of mother of pearl. Their coats are decorated with tea roses, with camelias, and they caress slender, tasselled canes. In the boxes turbanned begums, cavalieri and corinthians, consume, with simpering conversation, roseate syrups.

At the signal of the orchestra the silk hats sink, the tragic burden of vain longing sobs and swells . . . broken by the cheeping of the sparrows in the ivy. The quavering measures of the hand-organ, the crazy crescendo, fall to an absonant jangle, a miniature charivari, an irritating end.

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III

Crimson Garlands

The limpid carolling of the choired boys on the luminous night of the snowy lawn, a joyous, white tide of sound in the crystal cold of stark pines and gelid stars, stirs an exotic vision, hybiscus-crowned.

A hot wind clatters in the dried foliage of palms, creating, in a steaming clearing, an illusion of coolness and rain. Beyond, on a metallic black beach, purple billows explode in dazzling foam, and a coppery, rayless sun mounts swiftly into a vault of burning, blue vapors.

A fantastic group pauses—scattering the pied land crabs—through whose tattered garments gleam triangles of dusky skin, whose sooty brows are bound with crimson hybiscus.

To the rich, rusty monotone of a scraped saw they sing, in luscious voices, carols of Christmas. Their voices blend in a dark, wild harmony, a sombre, inarticulate sadness that, robbing the strains of their familiar significance, endow them with the fatality of primitive brains, the superstitions of primal forests, of inexorable taboos. Their citron accents blend in a shudder of sound like a softly-beaten bronze bell, like the blown, woody melody of flutes, on the shadowy underpattern, instinctive, elemental, of the shivering saw.

The wind whispers harshly in the palms, the coppery sun ascends over the indigo sea, the tropical tangle steams.—The choral voices of the choired boys on the wintry lawn peal among the blue-black pines, the ghostly, white gables and hooded chimneys, and their ecstasy, their mystic joy, stirs an exotic vision, hybiscus-crowned.

IV

In Rosewood and Ebony

The rosewood is inlaid in marginal lines and wreathed Pandean pipes on the waxy surface of an ebony music box; an inner glass lid reveals the mechanism—the silver cylinder and serrated

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teeth, the minute pads of bright red felt, the balance wheel on its slender spindle.

A brief winding, and the balance wheel revolves in a gray blur, the cylinder turns slowly, and a succession of notes, sweet as barley sugar, flow into a deliberate melody, a metheglin of sentiment in crinoline and Jenny Lind. In its melodic abracadabra a shadowy room takes substance: solemn curtains are draped from a lawn where geraniums show in scarlet demi-lunes on the emerald sod. A gilt mirror above a marble mantle holds the interior in crepuscular similitude—rose onyx and black walnut, crystal chandelier, the ivory keys of a ponderous piano. And, at a window, the music box and a group long gone.

A man in strapped trousers, with a clear, pale countenance framed in sable, flowing whiskers, winds the melodious mechanism; a woman like an immense, inverted tulip, her hooped skirt sprigged and gallooned in lavender, rests a tapering hand upon his shoulder; and, seated with tilting hoops, clasping a bouquet of concentric blooms thrust into a lacepaper cone, a younger woman lifts a tender, coral smile.

The notes of the music box fall more slowly, separate drops of sugar-sweet sound, the balance wheel flutters and stops. In the darkening mirror the shadowy room, the geraniums scarlet on the sward . . . the dead, dissolve.

V

The Strings of Silence

The moonlike faces of the zither players, a-row on the platform, shine redly through the ruddy, blue haze of the tavern. The loden jackets of the men are buttoned tightly about arching chests, their bare, brawny legs are solidly set in hobbed shoon; and innumerable silver chains cross the stainless chemises of the women, vigorous, maternal, in the gala of black, carmine and white.

The cumbersome hands of the zither players hover delicately over the tenuous strings of the instruments on their knees, and a clear cadence fills the low, smoky chamber: the narrow sweep

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of the tavern widens immeasurably to the sky, to far, flashing slopes of snow, and drops through amber space to sunless valleys diapered in chocolate and green.

On either side of a steep, stone street, where flagged gutters guggle ceaselessly with swift, glacial streams, deep scrolled eaves, golden thatch, overhang fretted balconies and benched doors. At the street's upper end a snow-cap lifts like a rose in the lowering sun; below the dusk steals up from the lavender depths, flowering with pale yellow lamps. The dusk mounts to the eaves, and, meeting the drooping, aureolin sky, darkens in the isolation of night.

Over the stones surge the clatter and clamorous bells of driven goats, the voice of the herd mingled with the ringing of milk pails, with the brimming gutters. The homely human murmur is enveloped, lost, in a vast silence, an immaculate stillness of immemorial mountains veiled in a perpetual and pure shroud . . . Through the ruddy murk of the tavern the faces of the zither players shine redly like moons a-row.

CROSSROADS

LOUIS V. LEDOUX

IT may be we adventurers
  Together may not venture far;
For you the solitary North,
  For me my Star:

For you till twilight brings you home,
  The glow of youth, the forest track;
For me the love that will not yield
  And call you back.

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PERUVIAN BUTTERFLIES

MILLICENT TODD

"The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is dight,
His broad, outstretchèd horns, his hairy thighs,
His glorious colors, and his glistening eyes!"

SPENSER, *Muiopotmos.*

WITH great broad strokes the tropical butterfly descends at sunset time to the jungle pool. The soft color of its outstretched wings is hardly distinguishable from the mold. It sips the water quietly.

A small bird, ready for a feast, swoops down with a whir of wings . . . but where is the butterfly? In its place is a fierce owl, bulging eyes flashing and every feather on his head bristling in eagerness for his prey. The little bird of supper-intentions has precipitately departed, never to return, a permanent lesson learned in the terror of an instant; yet it was learned from the under side of a butterfly.

Who so much as a butterfly is a child of the sun? Evoked by his warmth, it comes forth with all faculties developed for the fullest enjoyment of a new life, in which it seeks out the sun-spaces in the great damp forest. What a direct response to warmth in the up and down motion of a butterfly's wings, wide-spread on a sunny mass of leaves! How quickly it folds its lustrous wings and sinks, drooping upon a flower when the sun goes in, as a rainbow disappears at the sun's withdrawal!

Nor does its sun-worship end here; for Iris, symbol of the sun, is imprisoned upon its wings. Those magic wings! Nature writes upon them all the changes which the organism undergoes, the patterns of the minute feathers, the direction of the delicate veins, their shapes, their pencillings varying with the slightest external change. Each can be distinguished from all the rest by what is written on these evanescent tablets, the most delicate on which laws have ever been inscribed.

The Peruvian butterflies have a world-wide reputation, from

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the triple-tailed *theclas* making up in elegance of form for their diminutive size, to the azure *morphos,* those noble insects as large as two hands laid side by side, the desideratum of collectors who press their burnished wings between glass walls. Abnormal tails reach in abnormal directions like ingrowing horns, sharply pointed and oddly curved. An imp-like dot of silver nearby calls attention to them. Bold uneven blotches of gold and black are surrounded by demure parallel lines. A spot of crimson pulsates in the midst of a whole wing of iridescence. The extravagant creature carries about his black velvet body on yellow legs. Some are as finely mottled as partridge feathers. In others the design just glimmers through mother of pearl. Some are transparent in color, a stained glass window leaded in design with living veins. The spaces between veins, however small, are exquisitely fashioned, and always the corresponding patterns of the two sides are perfectly aligned. Some are transparent like dragonflies' wings. Some are almost veinless, visible only by a dip of color on the tip of the wing—phantom butterflies. From others apparently colorless certain lights can flash the segment of a rainbow.

What fine fitness in a French expression for the blues—*papillons noirs!*

Many of the most brilliant butterflies are so colored because they are unpalatable, even uneatable, flaunting their warnings in the face of the lizard which might eat them unawares, were they not so conspicuous. They can flutter lazily about with no attempt at concealment, preserved by their own poison. In making the injurious butterfly resplendent, nature saves both the butterfly and the bird which might have gulped it down.

Others are preserved by having adopted bark-designs or leaf-color or twig-shapes. Some even float about mimicking each other, if advantageous to do so. Some gain protection by imitating the brilliantly colored but uneatable butterflies for which they are mistaken. Mimickry or warning, each protects as is most beneficial, by concealing or making conspicuous. Seen and recognized they are not molested; or hidden they escape notice.

How varied are their habits! Poisonous ones fly slowly. Others merely frisk about toying with life, air and sunlight:

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skirt-dancers they are called (*megaluras*), "sown and carried away again by the light air." Some heavy-bodied butterflies gain protection by flight so rapid as to make them be mistaken for humming-birds. The broad strong strokes of the wide-winged *morphos* float them across wide rivers. The flight of butterflies is a biologist's problem, as well as their colored juices and seasonal forms.

Some flying low have their greatest brilliancy on the under side of the wings; others flying high are dull underneath to protect them from enemies below, as the bell-bird, whose home is in the dazzling sunshine above the tree-tops, is made invisible to any eyes looking upward by its snow-white plumage and transparent wings.

"Crepuscular" butterflies emerge at sunset-time. Such are the *caligos,* amazing creatures that can terrify their pursuers by merely turning wrong side out, equipped on the under side with an owl's head. All animals are suspicious of a strange-looking eye; and at dusk when the butterfly descends to the jungle pool to drink, the owl-eyes are particularly effective. The harmless butterfly spreads the one view of itself which could save its life, and continues slowly to sip the water of the forest pool.

Some butterflies stop in the gloomiest shades of the forest in darkness of noon. They all love the damp, and quantities of them surround puddles. Some settle with wings erect, some expand them and rest head downward, pressed closely against the supporting surface. The "swallow-tails" never allow their long tails to touch anything. Some alight upon the end of a stick, others rest upon dead leaves, others upon rocks or sand, some on the under surface of leaves, entirely disappearing when they alight. While some are protected for motion, others are protected for rest. Flickering noiselessly into the deep wet shade in the net work of vines and succulent leaves, they flash out into the clear sunlight. The glow of colors pulsates on their shining blue wings, intense as the fathomless blaze of a fragment of copper-saturated drift-wood. Creatures of the sky they are indeed, touched with the celestial hue. It was not without reason that the Greeks gave the same name to this wondrous insect and to the soul.

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HORACE TRAUBEL, DEMOCRAT

PAUL HANNA

AT a table seating four persons, in an unfashionable restaurant in Philadelphia, two men were thumping the board in furious argument. Two other men remained silent most of the time. One of the disputants had announced in disgusted tones two minutes earlier that from the standpoint of batting baseball had become a degenerate sport.

"We haven't any men that can hit the ball the way those old fellows used to ten or fifteen years ago," he said.

"You are all wrong there," retorted the other man, a short, stocky fellow, with a smooth, full face and a great shock of white hair surmounting his head. "We have the hitters all right; better hitters than you ever had before, but we have pitchers nowadays, something you did not have in the old days. Those old batters you read so much about wouldn't know what to do with themselves if they had to face Bender or Mathewson. Why . . ."

And so it went. It went so for nearly an hour. Other diners, artists, architects, musicians, newspapermen, stenographers and clerks left their tables, paid their checks and went out into the world. The high stools along the lunch counter were vacated. Tom, the waiter, relieved of other tasks, leaned upon the table and voiced an opinion when he got a chance.

Horace Traubel, whose blunt, spiritual, democratic utterances are known to philosophers from Paris to Tokio, was locked in a baseball argument of infinite possibilities. He had entered the restaurant condemning the street car service, had taken his place at table praising Tom Johnson and continued the meal with a discussion of medicine, literature, the trusts and religion. Had the readers of this magazine been present on that or countless similar occasions I recall, the writing of this sketch of Traubel would be an unnecessary, a superfluous task.

They would have seen this democrat in action. Traubel is always in action. He is a short man in physical stature. He is not stout, but rather heavy withal. His great mass of pure

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white hair distinguishes him to the eye. His rapid speech, his relentless mental activity distinguish him in the intellectual appreciation of all who have ever known him.

Horace Traubel's *Conservator* is the most incoherent publication in America. And the most virile. For Traubel's is the incoherence of democracy. All the poetry, all the impatience, all the keen vision, all the instinctive blindness, all the passion of the mob find expression in the pages of that sixteen-page magazine which illustrates as nothing else could the philosophy and temperament of the man.

If you do not like the crowd you will not like Traubel. If you do not sympathize with the rise of democracy, have not observed its progress and sensed its triumphant destiny, what this man writes you will not be inclined to read. But don't turn away on that account. You are one of his people, whether you know it and want to be or not. He comes in from the ball game at five o'clock and writes about Wall Street and stokers until three in the morning. He writes about you, whoever you are; his mental circumference surrounds you. Unless you are much less egoistic than Traubel that ought to interest you—reading about yourself.

Horace Traubel is an American rebel who thinks the United States is the greatest country on earth. But he is not satisfied. He wants to make it better than it is now. He was born in Camden, December 19, 1858. The most furious revolution of centuries was being preached in the land when he came into the world; revolt against the slave oligarchy. America was crouching for a spring. His baby eyes saw soldiers march away to save the Union and shoot to pieces that silent clause in the American Constitution which sanctioned human slavery.

Traubel's mother was an American woman, a native of Philadelphia, a nominal Lutheran. His father was a Jew, one who had been associated with the communist movement in Germany. Both had dropped their church affiliations by the time they reached mature years. In his review of Zangwill's *Ghetto Comedies,* Traubel gives us a moving passage of what his racial origin has meant to him. The entire thing should be reproduced here, but cannot be. Let these quoted sentences speak to you:

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". . . I am a half breed . . . I cannot hide myself. I am unveiled again and again. They ask: Are you ashamed you're a Jew? They ask: Are you ashamed you're a Christian? I answer: When I meet a mean Jew I wish I was all Christian. When I meet a mean Christian I wish I was all Jew. But that seems too enigmatic. What the hell are you anyway? Then I have but one answer left: I guess I'm neither all Christian nor all Jew. I guess I'm simply all human . . . The half Christian in me persecutes the half Jew in me. The half Christian in me puts the half Jew in me on the rack. The half Christian in me drives the half Jew in me from land to land, from age to age . . . I feel the surge and sweep of this conflicting past. And then something else awakens in me. The half Christian in me gets acquainted with the half Jew in me. The half Christian in me sees that it understood the half Jew in me. The half Christian in me is merged with the half Jew in me . . . So that I am brave with Jesus when He went to the cross. And I am afraid with Pilate who executed him . . . I can read St. Thomas as if it belonged to me and I belonged to it. And I can read Zangwill as if I belonged to him and he belonged to me."

Horace was the fifth child of his parents, one of four boys and three girls. A musical atmosphere pervaded the Traubel home. The father was also a portrait painter. He wanted Horace to become a portrait painter, but that design went wholly agley. Horace did do a little crayon work in his early youth and later became an accomplished lithographer, but he never took up the portrait work. He attended the Camden public schools until he was twelve years old, caring for a newspaper route meanwhile. After leaving school he continued his newspaper route, worked as an errand boy and helped his father, who kept a stationery store.

In the plant of the Camden *New Republic,* edited by Harry Bonsall, Traubel later went to work as a compositor. But putting in type the thoughts of other men was not an occupation which could hold him long, so he was glad to go over to the Camden *Evening Visitor,* a journal owned and published by Rudolphus Bingham, whom Traubel describes as a "pro-

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hibitionist, philanthropist, and lover of mankind generally."

In the office of *The Evening Visitor* Traubel set type, turned the hand press, read proofs, wrote editorials and did most of the local reporting. These facts are recorded to show that Traubel received his education in the most efficient and highly indorsed "school" of American journalism. His contributions began early to appear in the pages of the Boston *Commonwealth,* a literary weekly of much vigor. At a time when Traubel was writing most of the editorials for *The Commonwealth,* and the owner, Charles W. Slack, was preparing to convert it into a daily of which Traubel was to be the literary editor, Slack died. Traubel contributed freely to the Boston *Index* and the Chicago *Unity* at this period. He also helped to organize the Philadelphia Ethical Society and was himself the founder of the Contemporary Club, of Philadelphia.

In 1873 a great man crossed the ferry from Philadelphia and entered Camden. People paused, turned away from their tasks and stared after the big bearded figure as it stalked through their ranks. Walt Whitman had come, the winds of heaven murmuring before and after him. The winds still murmur, and with them the voices of men who affirm and deny the incomparable poet.

Camden did not like Whitman much; without understanding it could not. But the parents of Horace Traubel both understood and loved Walt. The Traubel home became a haven for Whitman. Horace grew into manhood in a home pervaded by the spirit of this archpriest of Democracy and directness. It was inevitable that the two should become encircled by bonds of affectionate intimacy. For years prior to Whitman's death, in 1892, Traubel and he were together almost daily. They walked, talked and were silent together. That is why, when the old man died and Traubel took up a pen to lay bare the home thoughts and unwritten greatness of the poet, he spoke as one having authority possessed by no other. This is so emphatically true that with Whitman a score of years in his grave the well informed find it impossible to discuss him without basing their opinion in large measure upon the record and conclusions furnished by Traubel.

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There is a good story, which can be only briefly referred to here, in Traubel's connection with the Philadelphia Ethical Society, which he helped to found. Ethical discussion became popular, almost a fad, with many good people. It consequently became polite, restrained, harmless and fruitless. The conservatives went into caucus, and when they came out they brought a muzzle for Traubel. It remained only to slip it over his mouth. A struggle followed, the meeting was in an uproar above which the voice of Traubel could be heard crying out: "Democracy is my star." And he proved it by quitting forever the body in which he felt his ideal had been denied a place and constructing another shrine, the Society for Ethical Research.

The Society for Ethical Research was an organization of discontented souls who met for the purpose of threshing out any and every problem that occurred to them. Individualism of the most rampant type prevailed. Traubel acted as chairman over these deliberations. His authority was in peril every instant. When an appeal was taken from his decisions Traubel went outside and sat on the curb until the assembled theosophists, free-thinkers, anarchists, prohibitionists, single taxers, Adventists and socialists recalled him to power. Once he was actually deposed, but when in the course of a few weeks three substitutes had been utterly used up and thrown out, Traubel was petitioned to take the chair again that the burning discussion might go on.

Anybody was invited to step in from the street at these meetings and throw his hat into the ring. Theologians and atheists grappled for a hold at the debates. When the doors were thrown open to this intellectual No-Man's-Land, men and women of every creed and color galloped furiously in upon their hobbies and staked out a claim to consideration. And over this congress of clashing convictions presided Traubel, finding a mental exhilaration in the curious brew of human thought that filled his goblet. And what kind of a man did this and his other adventures make of Horace Traubel? How has his soul reacted against life? His own words give the answer:

"My conclusion is the good conclusion. I don't worship with my eyes. Long after my eyes have given out something within me continues to see . . . I don't say: I can make it all clear

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to you. I say: You do not need to have it all made clear to you. You can feel clear when you can't see clear . . . So I assume good instead of bad. For to assume good helps me and all. And to assume bad hurts me and all. And as long as we admit we know nothing we're entitled to a generous guess. As long as we don't know that the universe is rotten we have a right to assume that it's incomplete. As long as we don't know man dies we have a right to assume that he lives."

Horace Traubel is not an artist. He is not beautiful with the beauty of art. He does not move in curved lines, but toward the truth as he sees it. He does not pause for effect, but to take aim. When his object comes into range he fires volley after volley, sometimes blinding everybody near him in the smoke of his broadsides. "I am more interested in facts than in forms," he has said to me. "I am more interested in the truth than in the many ways of telling it." Yet his æsthetic sense is highly developed in many respects. He loves music and is a constant attendant at the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra. A poorly printed book or newspaper is an abomination in his eyes.

Nothing is more difficult to explain than the obvious. Traubel's life and work are mysteriously simple. Suppose you should suddenly find yourself on a planet rich in natural resources, where healthy, happy men and women went joyously about their tasks of necessity and choice and little children spent their lives as little children do when they have freedom and fine examples; a planet where the crude barbarism of poverty and one class standing upon the shoulders of another were unknown; where human ingenuity intelligently applied swiftly supplied all human needs, leaving the souls of men free to flower beautifully and bear sacred fruit. Suppose that. Wouldn't you be amazed? Wouldn't you, when you recovered your breath, give utterance to that amazement, ask more excited questions than many people could answer?

Traubel woke up one morning a good many years ago and found himself on a planet rich in natural resources owned almost exclusively by a tiny proportion of the inhabitants, where all but a few of the people were neither healthy nor happy, where little children were robbed of their childhood and where their parents

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struggled with one another for a living portion of the limitless stores which nature had provided for all. Since that morning Traubel has been an eccentric nuisance.

He has devoted his life to calling the attention of other people to what he sees about him and to demanding that the whole sorry scheme we call civilization be scraped away to give place to the realized vision of what he knows should and must take its place. He sees miles of waving grain fields and millions of hungry people, thousands of empty and unbuilt houses and unnumbered homeless families, vast areas of unploughed ground and countless men out of work; he sees the wealth of the world "cornered" and humanity caught in a trap.

It is an ugly picture, but it is frightfully real. It is the picture you must steel yourself to look upon before you can understand Traubel. Yet once you have looked upon it, Traubel the mysterious, the eccentric, the rebel, becomes Traubel the simple to you. The fire of his utterance will ignite your soul and you will become an eager sacrifice upon the altar of his artless art.

This man will not depress you. He will not harrow your soul with morbid recitals. He will not ask you to come weep with him. He will hold before you his infamous picture of the world to-day and send you away laughing the fierce glad laugh which is to inaugurate the world of to-morrow. Ibsen frightens you, Gorki appals you, Galsworthy alarms and Wells comforts you. And when these have shattered your faith in the world as it is, Traubel will supplant it with faith in the world as it shall be.

"Why should a prophet wear a long face?" asked Traubel one day. He referred to those lugubrious regenerators of the world who bring glad tidings wrapped in a shroud. "Let people who think I'm wrong shed the tears. If I thought I was wrong I'd shed tears, too. You may say the world is falling to pieces. I say it is falling together. It has been in pieces for a long time and it's in pieces yet. But the pieces are finding their places and when all the pieces have found their places we'll have a new world, a real world."

As a propagandist Traubel's usefulness is limited, at present. There are two reasons for this and the first one is likely to per-

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sist. He would address himself to the common people. But his inspiration is too democratic. The people do not understand themselves—how can they understand Traubel? His speech is too intimate. He has been thinking about the people all his life. The people have never thought about themselves. A man is always puzzled when he regards his first photograph. The pictures of themselves that the people know were painted to conceal the truth. The subject has been duped. But the subject believes the picture is bona fide. Traubel's picture makes him incredulous or indignant. Traubel is a prophet without honor among his own people.

The second reason why Traubel's influence as a preacher of the world to come is limited at this time is like unto the first. His audience is to blame again. But this second is his real audience, composed not of common people but of the most uncommon; those who possess at once quickened intellects and sensitized souls. Potentially we are all in that class; actually all but a few of us are barred.

Spirituality experienced something like a total eclipse in the intellectual world during the latter part of the last century. Mind discovered so many new processes and effects that cause was more than half buried under the débris of overturned and shattered idols. One of the favorite follies of man was to make a pastime of picking obvious flaws in orthodox theology. None but the innocent believed in anything before birth or after death. Fools who proved that they possessed souls were laughed at by fools who proved they possessed no souls. The evidence in both cases was identically worthless. Everybody seemed to forget that a spiritual conviction is never susceptible to proof and would cease to be spiritual if it were.

But a quarter of a century's reflection enabled men of intellectual integrity to arrive at the last conclusion and the religion which Traubel proclaims began to get a hearing.

"I am mud and man. There is something, I can't say what, that delays me. But there is something, I can't say what, that more surely hurries me on. I would not swap my age for any age. Nor would I swap myself for any man. My age may be the worst. But it is also the best. And think of me. Think

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how weak and futile I am. And think of me. Think how strong and relentless I am . . . This terrible age with its unforgivable barbarisms which I execrate is this sublime age with its new vision of love which I worship . . . Anyhow, I take my place here now topmost, looking over all heads, looking past all horizons. I who have so despised my age may honor my age. I who convict it may acquit it. I live in the worst and the best age of the world."

In conversation Traubel will pause and explain himself to you. When he writes he never explains. He is too busy affirming. That is another weakness from the popular standpoint. People like to have things explained. Because he does not explain he is widely misunderstood and opposed. He says his words explain themselves, but he is wrong. The Sphinx will explain itself to the first man who comes along able to understand it. But none such has come along yet, so the Sphinx remains a riddle. But Traubel is not that kind of a riddle. I give you the key to him and all he says when I tell you that any formal institution which keeps men and women from extricating themselves from the tangle of natural mistakes of judgment invites and receives his attack.

He attacks marriage. But he is married and makes no objection to your getting married. He sees that marriage is a good thing for happy husbands and wives. But he also sees that there are thousands of unhappy husbands and wives, men and women bound together who should be freed from each other. And since the happiness of the well-married couples does not in any way depend upon the wretchedness of the mismated couples, he would free the unhappy ones. If a wife or children are dependent upon the husband, he would hold the husband responsible for them until a reorganized society makes no person "dependent" upon another.

But one must always bear in mind that everything Traubel demands in ethics is contingent upon the establishment of an economic environment making it possible and natural. He infers all this, but he seldom stops to detail it. He knows that the world must want a thing before it will get it. His aim is to make you want things. People want too much to be let alone.

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Even suffering people want to be let alone to suffer. It is Traubel's mission in life to remove the dead skin of slothful resignation which enfolds you and inspire you to struggle for the good things he knows you can get by struggling. Struggle is growth, particularly when the struggler wears a smile. Traubel is good-natured; that is what makes him potent.

Contrasted with what they will be some day our possibilities are terribly limited. Yet we are not even living up to our actual miserable chances. That inflames Traubel. Why are not children taught the simple, beautiful truth about sex? (If you object to the word beautiful, leave it out. The question stands as you have altered it.) Why are they not taught the simple truth about sex? When children ask legitimate questions about sex what are the responses? Traubel replies: "Mothers and fathers would say to children: You'll know about it soon enough. Teachers would say: Ask your questions at home. Home would ask: Whatever started you thinking about such things? The child goes about wondering. What's the matter with sex that everybody's afraid to talk about it? What's the matter with my body that I dare not mention it? . . . I find that having a body has something to do with being a father and a mother. But how can I be a father or a mother if some one who knows doesn't tell me what precedes fatherhood and motherhood? . . . If I look at sex right out of my own soul it seems like something which God didn't fail with but succeeded with. Like something not polluted but purified."

Several pages of *The Conservator* are devoted every month to reviews of books, all written by Traubel. They are easily the most remarkable book reviews being printed. In them the essence of each book is dragged out, expounded, rejected or extolled. They supply texts for sermons by the editor. Into these sermons are poured the full charge of Traubel's philosophy. You inevitably forget the name of the book and the existence of the author when you read them. In my judgment they are the best things Traubel writes. Some day they will be gathered up and put into books and when they are those who read will peruse the full text of this man's message.

Up three flights of stairs on a busy part of Chestnut Street

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you climb to reach the office of *The Conservator*. The stairs crop out in the middle of a one-room establishment. If he has not heard your whistle from the street and come down to let you in and guide you upward, you will find Traubel standing before a case of type, "writing" his stuff. Poems, essays, book reviews are composed and put into type as he stands there alone before the cases. Sometimes he sits down at his desk before the Chestnut Street window to write, sometimes he writes on the train between New York and Philadelphia and sometimes on the Camden ferryboat.

Great piles of books sent in for reviewing, heaps of magazines and hundreds of newspapers, American and foreign, glut the editorial end of Traubel's office. Original oil canvases, cartoons and the photographs of distinguished men and women in the world of thought conceal the walls. On a chair, or hiding a mound of magazines in a corner, the visitor is sure to see some twelve or fifteen narrow-brimmed, white felt hats. Traubel wears these hats—one at a time—selecting the one nearest at hand when he goes out. He never wears an overcoat, though he frequently spends a winter in Montreal. He eats heartily, and sleeps from four to six hours out of the twenty-four, usually between 2 and 8 in the morning. He may get tired, but I have never caught him at it.

When denouncing the bad that is, Traubel does not overlook the good that is. He can praise as well as prod. But since the general tendency to-day is either to praise or silently to acquiesce, he devotes himself principally to condemnation of what he does not like, taking the good for granted.

"This is the best government in the world," he said to me, of the United States. "It is the best because it is a political democracy. It is not a perfect political democracy, but it is nearly enough perfect to give the majority freedom to express itself. Political freedom is the essential forerunner of social justice and genuine human progress. But political freedom and industrial despotism cannot exist indefinitely in the same land. The one is sure to overthrow and destroy the other. In America we have got to use our political democracy to institute industrial democracy. We have got to socialize land and ma-

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chinery; cut out the private profits and produce for use instead of for dividends. The political apparatus is here. We have only to go to the polls and say what we want. It will be time to talk about fighting when we are barred from the polls."

What about Walt Whitman? Whitman was and still is the biggest other personality in Traubel's life. For myself I do not like to mingle the two men. Humanly speaking, every man is what he has absorbed from others, from life. Traubel absorbed endlessly from Whitman. In artistic values, however, Traubel has given back as much as he took. He did that when he wrote *With Walt Whitman In Camden.*

"Books won't say what we must have said," are words spoken by Walt himself. That is so true that Whitman died unexpressed. But after he was dead Traubel put into type the very part of Whitman which Whitman could not put into his own books. He put into type the words which fell from the poet's lips, in the identical form they had when they fell. That is why men and women with power to understand started with wonder when they opened *With Walt Whitman In Camden* and saw what it contained. "Boswell!" hundreds of them exclaimed, their minds turning to the great service done Dr. Johnson by his friend. And the next minute most of them realized and confessed that Boswell did not and could not have done for Dr. Johnson what Traubel had done for Whitman.

Thinking they praised him, critics have liked to say that in this book Traubel completely suppressed his own personality, never nearing the centre of the stage himself, skipping always from the limelight. They miss the fine point that in this performance Traubel did not suppress but revealed himself. He was writing about Whitman, and did it so thoroughly that Traubel was forgotten. It is not until you have stopped thinking about the old poet that you remember his medium. Then Traubel comes in for that grateful admiration which any mention of the book is sure to reawaken. Traubel lost himself in a book and the world found him there.

This human "afterglow of the good gray poet," as Yoné Noguchi, the Japanese singer, has called Traubel, craves appreciation, welcomes acclamation. But, like Whitman, he is first

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" anxious to come to conclusions satisfactory to my own soul." The conclusion may not satisfy you, but it satisfies Traubel. " My character is founded on the ruins of my reputation," is an epigram in which he once framed the thought.

In 1904 he published *Chants Communal,* a volume of radical prose pieces imbued with the constructive rebel's spirit. Charles Edward Russell, the publicist, read the book and wrote to Traubel: " You seem to me like one of the slavery abolitionists before the war." Brand Whitlock read this and other utterances of the author's. " The cradle of American liberty is now in your print shop in Philadelphia," he wrote.

Literary sentinels first discerned Traubel as " the spiritual son " of Walt Whitman. They have since come to feel his boundless energy, his absolutely unique influence as an expounder of his own spiritual, ethical and economic philosophies. He is, in addition, as Edmund Clarence Stedman said in conversation with Traubel, a tireless personal propagandist among members of the various radical organizations with which he is associated. " This," remarked Stedman, " makes it necessary to regard him as one whose life has found completeness in a trinity of distinct activities."

It claimed the attention of Maxim Gorki that Traubel began his literary life and *The Conservator* as a communist anarchist, an impetuous individualist, only to be caught in the drift of humanity a little later and swept into the socialist movement. The thing is easy to understand. One's self is the most important to everyone. So true is this that we all sooner or later cast about to ascertain how best we can serve ourselves. Can it be done best by arraying ourselves against the whole world? That has failed. A man arrayed against the world has no time to be himself. There are too many against him. There is but one alternative. He must array himself with the world, with mankind, against all the obstacles. He must lose himself in the mass, and losing find himself.

That explains the transition of Traubel. And of Gorki and Anatole France and Bernard Shaw. All of them may be wrong, but, if so, they are going to be wrong together.

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THE POETRY OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG

AT length, almost six years after his death, we have the complete works of Francis Thompson. Of the matter contained in the two volumes of poetry, about one-fourth now appears for the first time in book form, and much of this for the first time in print, so that it only now becomes possible to attempt to form some idea of his work as a whole.

Some of these new poems must certainly be classed amongst the best of his work. *Buona Notte,* supposed to be spoken by the drowned Shelley, is perhaps the most beautiful of all, with the bitter jest of its wonderful close:

> "'Go'st thou to Plato?' Ah, girl, no!
> It is to Pluto that I go."

The fine ode *Laus Amara Doloris* contains emotion as deep and solemn as anything he has written:

> "I witness call the austere goddess, Pain,
> Whose mirrored image trembles where it lies
> In my confronting eyes,
> If I have learned the sad and solemn scroll:
> Have I neglected her high sacrifice,
> Spared my heart's children to the sacred knife,
> Or turned her customed footing from my soul?
> Yea, thou pale Ashtaroth who rul'st my life,
> Of all my offspring thou hast had the whole.
> One after one they passed at thy desire
> To sacrificial sword, or sacrificial fire."

Among several small lyrics *Messages* is perhaps the most exquisite after the unforgettable *Arab Love-Song,* because of the perfect fusion of melody and mood: and *A Double Need,* a lyric of a different type, is hardly less lovely:

> "Ah, gone the days when for undying kindness
> I still could render you undying song!
> You yet can give, but I can give no more;
> Fate, in her extreme blindness,
> Has done me so great wrong."

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It ends with a memorable picture of a fountain-nymph:

> . . . . . "She
> (Remembering her irrevocable streams),
> A Thirst made marble, sits perpetually
> With sundered lips of still-memorial drouth."

There are nine new sonnets. The five, grouped under the title *Ad Amicam,* are of extraordinary beauty, and certainly the best Thompson ever wrote. Of the rest, *Desiderium Indesideratum* adds another to the great religious poems of our literature. Of the other new odes, the *Ode for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria,* with *Peace: on the Treaty in South Africa in 1902,* and *Cecil Rhodes,* will come as a surprise to the many who have regarded Thompson's mind as essentially that of a hermit. They reveal an enthusiastic sense of national unity of which there is no trace in his already-known verse. The Victorian Ode is indeed a formal patriotic ode and, moreover, one of the finest in the language, as the following passage will show:

> "Lo, in this day we keep the yesterdays,
> And those great dead of the Victorian line.
> They passed, they passed, but cannot pass away,
> For England feels them in her blood like wine.
> She was their mother, and she is their daughter,
> This Lady of the water,
> And from their loins she draws the greatness which they were.
>
> And still their wisdom sways,
> Their power lives in her.
> Their thews it is, England, that lift thy sword,
> They are the splendour, England, in thy song,
> They sit unbidden at thy council-board,
> Their fame doth compass all thy coasts from wrong,
> And in thy sinews they are strong.
> Their absence is a presence and a guest
> In this day's feast;
> This living feast is also of the dead,
> And this, O England, is thy All Souls' Day.
> And when thy cities flake the night with flames,
> Thy proudest torches yet shall be their names."

It remains true, however, that Francis Thompson's mind is hermitical rather than gregarious. His attitude toward life is

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mystical and he scans the material world through the spiritual eyes of the mystic. His poetry is the outcome of introspective thought: much of it deals with mystic experience, the apprehension of the unseen One through the visible many; much, too, analyzes spiritual moods and the waxing and waning of the poetic power, and when he looks outward it is either to show the processes of the material world as symbols of the mysteries of Christianity or to people it with the colors and forms of his own imagination. Thus, though acutely sensitive to beauty, he seldom delights in nature for her own immediate sake. Having gazed into the depths of the pool, he is no longer content to watch the surface.

Thompson is much in the same position toward his age as Fra Angelico was toward his, for he is at once a survival and a progressive. He comes of the family of Crashaw and Donna and has been called the last of the religious poets, as Fra Angelico, the lineal descendant of Lorenzo Monaco, the Gaddis and the old Illuminators, was in a sense the last of the Primitives. But just as the painter was none the less an innovator, one of the band that led on the Renaissance, so too Thompson is essentially modern: his very mysticism itself is one of the signs of his modernity.

Yet the language of much of his poetry is antique and traditional,—aristocratic as the language of religion is aristocratic, in that it stands proudly apart from the language of contemporary life. Throughout his poems one is aware of that mystery which is felt in the solemn language of a liturgy: it is the utterance of " the high Phœbean priesthood," a rich, recondite idiom which is at once his strength and his weakness, for not seldom it sinks to a mannerism which strains our language beyond its elastic limit, as in such a phrase as this:

> " Not to such eyes,
> Uneuphrasied with tears, the hierarchical
> Vision lies unoccult."

It is undoubtedly a phrase which, when unravelled, discloses extraordinarily concentrated meaning and rich suggestion, but it is equally undeniable that those qualities are obtained by illegiti-

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mate means. It is a sort of literary immorality and, as such, a danger to the health of the language. This obscurity arises from no inability to express himself; it is quite evidently deliberate; for when he chooses, he can work, and work admirably, in the simplest words, as in the delicately poignant little poem called *Daisy,* or in *Dream-Tryst,* whose haunting atmosphere is wrought almost entirely from words of one syllable. Indeed this side of his work constitutes a separate style, so that he appears to have two styles,—the simple one (sometimes delicately atmospheric, sometimes strong and stately), and that other of elaborate, hieratic utterance, from his use of which sprang some of his greatest triumphs and worst failures. This elaborate style is derived largely from the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets and sometimes includes not a few of their faults. Such a poet as Crashaw is a dangerous master and his influence over Thompson, which was curiously strong considering how justly Thompson has criticised him, was for the most part evil; for it is the curious angular phrases and strained metaphors, never the great passages of Thompson's work, that recall the elder poet. But on the occasions when he succeeds in forging those old influences into a style completely his own,—fuses them, that is, by the intense sincerity of his emotions into a living, personal speech, no longer derivative and *literary,*—the result is a poetry of rare eloquence. Every poet is necessarily a word-epicure. Words are his medium: he experiments in them as an artist experiments in line and color, and only when he has become expert in the weighing, analyzing, and valuing of them can he begin to form his own idiom of expression. The greater the power he acquires over this idiom, the more, namely, that he can make it a part of himself, the richer and more unhampered will be his power of expression.

Every art is a narrow path between pitfalls, and the most dangerous pitfall for the artist is that he should mistake the medium for the end. Naturally such a danger will assail only to a limited extent a man with a fine mind: having much to express, he can never be wholly content with the medium as an end in itself, but it may so far obtrude itself upon him as to render opaque the language which should be the crystal cup to

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contain and exhibit his imagination: and, moreover, when imagination flags, language inevitably becomes a fetish. It is these things that sometimes happen to Thompson, and when they do happen it is his good qualities themselves—his richness of language and the splendor of his imagination—which make the catastrophe the more apparent; for in a poet whose language was less opulent, failure to express himself would produce a less riotous confusion, and when a poorer imagination nods the lapse is the less noticeable. In instances like these, the accusation of obscurity against Thompson is justified; but on other occasions it is completely false. The fact is that, by reason of his intensely poetical nature, he must always remain difficult to the majority. Since he is a mystic, a large portion of his work is comprehensible only to minds of a mystic tendency; for there are perhaps no two categories of mankind more completely separated than the mystical and the materialistic. To those who breathe the same climate as he, this side of his poetry is usually clear and always extraordinarily penetrating. Again, Thompson is a poet's poet; that is, he often treats of the psychology of poetic experience, as, for example, in *From the Night of Forebeing;* and this is obviously a subject accessible only to introspective poetic temperaments.

Thompson's verse reflects strongly the mental attitude of the present time. In him thought once more frees itself from the domination of science. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* shows the fear and perplexity of a religious mind in face of the ever-increasing power of scientific discovery. Thompson, from the other end of the bridge of the scientific era, accepts its achievements but realizes its limitations. Since the days of Tennyson we have had time to weigh and classify and to realize what actually these discoveries signify.

The essential difference between the mystic and the materialist is that the latter mistrusts emotion and believes only in the reasoning power. The mystic, on the contrary, mistrusts reason in all the profounder matters of life and regards his emotions,—the promptings of his living soul,—as the only reliable guides. He has faith, in the religious sense of the word. Reason, he says, is the outcome of experience: it is a science built up of millions

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of tabulated facts, a theory evolved from certain data. Each new fact discovered is another datum, and every additional datum must alter the theory. Hence reason is an unstable quantity, an instrument of limited power. As Blake said, "Reason, or the ratio of all we have already known, is not the same that it shall be when we shall know more." Reason must be judged by life, not life by reason. The only merit of reason is to be life-enhancing. If it makes life less beautiful and less joyous, then let us turn our suspicions toward reason, not toward life. Now science springs from reason. It is of the intellect and appeals to the intellect. In its origin it has nothing to do with emotion, though, by revealing some truth that illuminates and stimulates life, it may reach the emotions through the intellect, as it has done, for instance, by discovering the laws of evolution: indeed until it does so, until its teaching can beget enthusiasm and so become emotional and creative, it remains as barren as a book of logarithms. Nietzsche realized this when he said: "The more abstract the truth you wish to teach, the more you must allure the senses to it,"—the senses which are the only channel to the soul. It is possible to reason for ever and teach nothing: but once stir the emotions and you teach inevitably.

Poetry, like all art, is concerned with the imagination: it is created by the imagination and it is to the imagination that it appeals. Such a creation is not the result of a search for something elusive, a vague guess in the dark: it is an attempt to analyze and put into material form an intense spiritual experience, a fact of which, at the moment, the poet has convincing evidence within him. Poetry is not primarily concerned with reason: being the expression of an intense experience, of life at full flood, it is dynamic; it appeals to the spirit direct through the emotions and so transcends reason as irrepressible, exultant life always does. Poetry is always religious, for religion in its true sense is the upward impulse, the impulse, if you will, of Man to God.

Since, then, poetry is the expression of life, it is primarily emotional: it expresses fine emotions. Its material is the full range of man's sensuous and emotional life: therefore all poetry, being heir to unlimited wealth, is by nature proud and opulent. Even its austerities are the outcome not of meanness or poverty,

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but of extravagance,—of deliberately throwing away fortunes of rich color and elaborate sound to achieve ever deeper and purer emotions. It is at once primitive and evolved: very ancient and very modern. It is primitive because it breaks inevitably into rhythm which is the old original ecstasy of religious dance and song, ritualistic, symbolic, hypnotically suggestive. Rhythm is an integral part of poetry; not metre, but rhythm, balanced and timed to express the subtlest shades of feeling. Thus all poetry is primitive, barbaric, and divine, based on the bedrock of human emotions. It is equally at the opposite pole to this; for being emotion and moreover analyzed emotion, grown self-conscious and introspective, conserving its own energy to achieve the fullest life, it is the result of an elaborate evolution which is for ever continuing: entirely modern because entirely alive. Its roots are clasped round the rock, but its boughs are for ever branching further and further upward. So poetry is a living thing, a spiritual thing, therefore it is life-enhancing, provocative of fine emotions, for life in its highest sense is nothing else but emotional activity. It is in this sense that poetry is creative; it evokes enthusiasm, kindles the fuel of life into a blaze, and so starts an active process in the reader, making him no longer the idle spectator, but a poet himself, whirling in the dervish-dance of life. It must be the same with all teaching which is to be of any creative value; we must make it a vital part of ourselves, living it, evolving it in our own lives. It must be grafted into the soul and grow there; it cannot be swallowed like a pill. "Le christianisme," says Remy de Gourmont, "a trouvé une formule très belle, faire son salut. C'est là une œuvre personelle. Si l'on vous propose une méthode, examinez-la. Si l'on vous offre le salut tout préparé, détournez la tête: le mets est empoisonné."

The *sine quâ non* of poetry is that it shall be emotional. Without emotion it can do nothing, for without fine emotions there cannot be fine thought. Each is inherent in the other: perhaps the two things are identical. One breathes, when reading Francis Thompson, an atmosphere of fine thinking: in spite of the technical inequality of a great part of his work, one feels that he lived habitually on a high plane of thought. "It is not," as Nietzsche wrote, "the strength but the duration of great senti-

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ments that makes great men." His poems contain unmistakably that breadth and serenity which are the chief elements of great art. He never consciously teaches. He sings of his own joys and sorrows and spiritual experiences, clothing them in a wealth of wonderful simile and metaphor. His poetry, for the most part, seems to have been written with no ulterior object, but simply to express his feelings: and so, all through it, however cryptic and obscure the language may become, one feels the swell of a deep and genuine emotion which convinces instantly. He is not the craftsman, the verse-manufacturer; he is the prophet, empty and powerless till the spirit visits him. His expression is most often rugged and broken, a medley of lights and darknesses, victories and defeats, an ecstatic improvisation. His eyes are fixed on things spiritual. He has the mystic's sense of a supreme reality glimpsed in moments of ecstatic insight, of which the phenomena of the universe are merely transitory symbols. There is no logical proof of the existence of this reality, nor can any logic disprove it: to its possessor it is a self-evident fact, for that best of reasons that he feels it alive within him. It is the summing reality whereby

> "All things by immortal power,
> Near or far,
> Hiddenly
> To each other linkèd are,
> That thou canst not stir a flower
> Without troubling of a star."

Thompson's rule of life is a mystic asceticism: he holds that to attain to communion with the true reality the emotions must be elevated and purified by stern discipline:

> "Die, for none other way canst live,"

he says; and the same creed appears in a poem on the death of love:

> "I slew, that moan for him: he lifted me
> Above myself, and that I might not be
> Less than myself, need was that he should die;
> Since Love that first did wing, now clogged me from the sky."

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At first sight it seems strange that the ultimate effect of the fear, constraint and pessimism which are so constantly present in Thompson's thought should produce optimistic feelings, while the freedom and fierce courage of such a poet as John Davidson should leave a feeling of pessimism, a kind of tragic and hopeless exultation. But the reason is simple. Davidson is a materialistic monist. Everything that exists, he says, is matter. In man, matter has for a moment achieved self-consciousness; therefore there is nothing anywhere greater than man. While he lives he is a god: when he dies he again becomes unconscious matter. So the universe is an immense objectless process, the endless transformation of matter. And Davidson presents this universe to us as a theme for boundless enthusiasm, a home for the imagination. But to anyone who will realize the meaning of it, or rather the meaninglessness of it, it becomes a nightmare, a loveless mechanism before which the imagination withers up. But the toils and agonies and relentless self-discipline of Thompson give glimpses of a profound and splendid ideal and cast a deep and wonderful significance over human life and human destinies: one feels it could only be some great and eternal object that could force him to impose upon himself and endure voluntarily such an apprenticeship. He never claims to prove his philosophy of life by reason: his life is the only proof of his philosophy. His attitude is one of faith, a recognition of mystery,—the only attitude which makes growth and development possible.

The group of poems called *Sight and Insight* are, as their name implies, poems of introspection. They speak of that knowledge which comes not of outward proof and observation, but of inner experience,—the knowledge that cannot be denied because it is an integral part of the soul, growing up in it as a flower grows in the field and therefore independent of the laws which govern intellectual knowledge. "Pierce thy heart to find the key," says the Mistress of Vision of this knowledge: "Know, for thou else couldst not believe." Like other mystics, Thompson expresses the things of the spirit in terms of the flesh: for divine Love which is known only in the mystic ecstasy, is beyond the compass of words and therefore can only be hinted at in a

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symbol. Often he coins it into images of passionate earthly love, as Saint Teresa and her poet Crashaw did: often, too, after the manner of many others, he speaks of it as light or music:

"Ah, me!
How shall my mouth content it with mortality?
Lo, secret music, sweetest music,
From distances of distance drifting its lone flight,
Down the arcane where Night would perish in night,
Like a god's loosened locks slips undulously:
Music that is too grievous of the height
For safe and low delight:
Too infinite
For bounded hearts which yet would girth the sea!"

The bounds between physical and spiritual emotion are still hidden. The eternal problem of flesh and spirit is hardly nearer solution to-day than it was in the days of the Anchorites of the Thebaid. And it is this problem which presents itself with especial insistence to temperaments, like Thompson's, at once intensely religious and intensely sensitive to beauty. It made him half afraid of his love of beautiful things and his luxuriant imagination, for in his poem *To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster,* he asks tremblingly concerning himself:

"But are his great desires
Food but for nether fires?
Ah, me,
A mystery!

Can it be his alone,
To find when all is known,
That what
He solely sought

Is lost, and thereto lost
All that its seeking cost?
That he
Must finally,

Through sacrificial tears,
And anchoretic years,
Tryst
With the sensualist?"

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Elsewhere we find him praying either for strength to live always up to the level of the mystic life, or for the mind of simple folk who, not living greatly, cannot greatly sin. It is not, he says, the joys of sense, " not the Circean wine," that leave the greatest exhaustion and disillusionment: it is the mystical joys " that do disrelish all life's sober taste." After the divine ecstasy earthly life seems colorless. And then comes the fear that the soul, falling from this " difficult joy " which is only attainable through darkness and suffering, should

> " Turn utterly to love of basest rate;
> For low they fall whose fall is from the sky."

That is the terrible truth: in a sensitive temperament, the development of the soul-life involves at the same time the development of the whole capacity for living: every sense becomes acuter and more intricate, and thus it is true that, as he says in *The Dread of Height,*

> " The lowest reach of reeky hell
> Is but made possible
> By foreta'en breath of Heaven's austerest clime ":

or, in the words of Saint John which Thompson has set as a text to this poem, " If ye were blind, ye should have no sin: but now ye say: We see: your sin remaineth."

Perhaps the most striking feature of Francis Thompson's poetry is the gorgeous and diverse imagery which makes his verse a joy to read even to those who are bewildered by the " smouldering core of mystery " in his more cryptic poems. All the phenomena of the universe take on human or animal forms, peopling his writings with the creatures of a beautiful mythology. The winds have whistling manes and sweep like wild horses over " the long savannahs of the blue ": evening lights " her glimmering tapers round the day's dead sanctities ": the sun is bidden to " fling from [his] ear the burning curls " or " shake the bright dust from [his] parting shoon." His work is full of fine metaphors and similes whose very splendor and variety make it impossible to quote examples that shall be representative. The two that follow are both from *Sister Songs:*

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"Ere all the entangled West
Be one magnificence
Of multitudinous blossoms that o'errun
The flaming brazen bowl of the burnished sun
Which they do flower from."

"Under my ruined passions, fallen and sere,
The wild dreams stir like little radiant girls,
Whom in the moulted plumage of the year
Their comrades sweet have buried to the curls."

His keen power of visualization enables him to sketch in minutely delicate pictures, as in the delightful representation in *Sister Songs* of the elves of springtime struggling up from underground:

"Others not yet extricate,
On their hands leaned their weight."

The second line is one of those vivid touches that bring the whole pose before one in a flash: it stimulates the muscles like a figure out of Signorelli's Resurrection fresco at Orvieto.

Sometimes his love of luxuriant description makes his writing almost too exuberant, but this at least may be affirmed, that however exuberant and elaborate he may become, however much he may heap color on color and effect on effect, each new touch always intensifies, never blurs or obscures the image; and whatever his faults, he has that subtle power, which is the essence of all poetry, of stirring those innermost chords of our being, of waking that undefined sense which is not the joy of color, nor of touch, nor of rhythm, nor of lovely curves and sounds, but some undiscoverable compound of them all. "Ce ne sont pas ses pensées," Anatole France once wrote; "ce sont les nôtres que le poète fait chanter en nous. Il est évocateur." If this is the criterion of a poet's greatness, Thompson must take a high place in literature. In *Sister Songs* he spirits us away, as no fairy-tale wizard ever did, into a world of soft, changing colors and flights of delicate, rhythmic shapes whose every movement is a miracle of grace and beauty:

"Clouds in cluster with such sailing
Float o'er the light of the wasting moon,
As the cloud of their gliding veiling
Swung in the sway of the dancing-tune."

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No poet before him has so sung of the joy of color, for George Meredith's superb hymn is a spiritual philosophy of color rather than an immediate delighting in it. He is enamored of color and sound: he juggles with them as a miser with his jewels, twisting them to delicate curves, endowing them with exquisite substance and texture, weaving them together into strange fantasies. He cannot touch a color without intensifying it till it seems to quiver and burn. His silvers are *clarified,* his vermilions *repured,* his crimson is "illustrious sanguine, like a grape of blood." He is like his own Eastern Wizard round whom, in his haschish-swoon,

> "All the rained gems of the old Tartarian line
> Shower in lustrous throbbings of tinged flame":

and it is his own metaphor that most vividly defines the nature of his poetry:

> "This treasure-galleon of my verse,
> Fraught with its golden passion, oared with cadent rhyme,
> Set with a towering press of fantasies."

The Works of Francis Thompson. Three volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1913.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Mexico

IT becomes increasingly clear that the Mexican problem will not provide its own solution—or, at least, a satisfactory solution. Sooner or later—and the latest cannot be far remote—intervention by the United States will become necessary; or, alternatively, the President will make cogent representations, with the distinct understanding that, if they are not accepted, they will be enforced.

The course so far pursued by the Administration has perhaps made patience rather too icily virtuous; but it has shown the world that we are not waiting merely for a colorable excuse for a buccaneering expedition. Whatever we may do now, public opinion throughout the world will accept and approve. But the murderers of Madero cannot expect, and will not receive, perpetual immunity. No civilized, or semi-civilized, country can condone the methods of a Huerta, even when—or especially when—they are fashioned on a Cromwellian model. A hundred Huertas would not recompense the world for one Madero, even if all the evil in the one case, and half the good in the other, were blotted out. It is no time for euphuisms. Huerta is a murderer and a despot. It would be decidedly peculiar if the United States accepted murder and tyranny as desirable attributes of a neighboring Government.

Direct Action

WITH his curious preference for deeds, rather than for the mere rhythmic flow of polite platitudes, President Wilson has carried through the first half of the programme to which he was more immediately committed. The tariff question is settled, for the time being. This, of course, is an unkind rejoinder to the political Jonahs who asserted that the question never would be settled, and never could be settled, along the lines advocated by the President: but it is a sufficiently effective reply.

The President, without waiting to coin phrases of congratulation for himself and his party on an extraordinary achieve-

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ment, has passed on at once to the consideration of the next important matter, the currency question. It is a question full of difficulty, and experts will differ considerably with regard to details. The President will listen to the experts, and he will learn something from them. But he has something to teach—efficiency; and the banking community can do with a few lessons.

The Impeachment of Charles F. Murphy

At the time when this note is written, the actual result of the Sulzer trial is not known, though it can be foreseen. But we may now prepare for the impeachment of Charles F. Murphy, of Fourteenth Street: for a Legislature which has shown so much courage in impeaching a mere Tammany subordinate, trained in Tammany methods and long faithful to Tammany interests, will surely not be afraid to go a little further and unveil the sanctity of the Boss himself. It would be a great and illuminating unveiling. As, further, the Legislature rests under the imputation of being too amenable to the blandishments of Mr. Murphy; as it was publicly reported that Mr. Sulzer had appealed to Mr. Murphy—and Mr. Barnes—to "call off" the proceedings, thus intimating that the Legislature would meekly take its orders from Fourteenth Street; nothing less than the impeachment of Mr. Murphy can vindicate the independence and the unblemishable honor of a Legislature so horribly traduced—though, apparently, it has not yet noticed the insinuations. The more obvious grounds of impeachment would be that, in defiance of the constitution and the rights of the people, Mr. Murphy has constituted himself the actual dictator of the commonwealth, usurping powers that can be exercised only by an Executive duly elected by the people; that he has tainted State and municipal administrations with every form of "graft" and corruption; that he is an enemy of the people, an opponent of all good government, and a perpetual menace to the commonwealth.

Incidentally, Mr. Murphy might be asked when *he first became acquainted with Mr. Sulzer's derelictions,* and how long he kept that knowledge in reserve, for his own purposes, before resolving to act upon it?

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Forcible Feeding

THERE are many earnest and clever women in the ranks of the militants, but they have been carried away by the new feeling of sex-cohesion, of class-solidarity, and by their unreasoning "loyalty" to the imperious house of Pankhurst. A very dangerous and regrettable mob-spirit threatens to sweep them into excesses which will bring even greater odium upon the title Suffragette than the word already connotes. The real Suffragists are going quietly and effectively about their work, with the approval and support of most reasonable men; but few can view without regret the antics of the excitement-maddened women who are trying to associate the cause of sex-equality with vulgarity, hysteria and the most pitiful lack of reasoning power. They cannot even see—or they have not the honesty to acknowledge—that forcible feeding is not a real issue at all in the campaign: it is merely taken up as a convenient hysteria-provoking weapon. The actual question is not whether women who have been sent to prison for some criminal offence (with a political motive) should be permitted to commit suicide; but whether they should be sent to prison at all. If it is right for them to go, it is necessary that they should be taken care of, however much we may regret that their own deliberately adopted self-torturing methods may make some form of coercion inevitable.

If it is not right that they should be sent to prison, then the women are claiming that they can introduce anarchy to further a political cause with regard to which their own sex is distinctly at variance; and they claim that they shall be allowed to turn every institution of their country into a farce, not only with impunity from interference by the authorities, but with actual police protection. For, without such protection, or the organization of armed gangs of dock laborers and similar allies, the Suffragettes could not long flout the common sense of the people they are trying to "convince."

In the meantime, whenever the stupid cry of women being tortured in prison is repeated, reasonable people will think seriously about the *bona fides* of leaders who can permit such ludicrous perversions of the truth, in their attempt to attach to their opponents the discredit for their own regrettable tactics.

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